

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

MAY 1807.

WILLIAM REEVE, Esq.

MR. REEVE is a native of London. His father was an auctioneer of much reputation in his time, and the son was destined for the same occupation; but having discovered at an early age a taste for music, and expressing a strong desire to study that science, he was placed under the late Mr. Richardson, Organist of St. James's Church, and one of the pupils of the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. At the expiration of his articles he commenced a teacher of the piano forte, but becoming particularly attached to theatrical pursuits, he undertook, in the year 1781, the management and tuition of the chorus singers at the King's Theatre, at the time when Giordani was composer of the comic opera. Giordani was to have been the conductor of this concern, but owing to party cabal, he was obliged to relinquish his claims in favour of M. Le Texier; and Mr. Reeve, after wasting much time and labour in preparing pupils for the business of the Italian Opera, felt himself under the necessity of retiring with his principal.

In consequence of this disappointment, he accepted the situation of organist at Totnes in Devonshire, where as a teacher he had full employment, and was greatly respected in the county. But his ambition was not to be satisfied with provincial fame; and in this remote situation, he could have no opportunity of trying the

talents which he had cultivated as a composer. At the end of about two years, therefore, he returned to London, and produced some comic burlettas at Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre, during the first season of its stage exhibitions. He succeeded so well, that the late Mr. Palmer engaged him as Composer of the Royalty on his opening that unfortunate theatre.

Here Mr. Reeve had the advantage of composing for some eminent vocal performers, and soon acquired considerable celebrity. He composed and selected the music of *Don Juan*, *Hero and Leander*, *Harlequin Mungo*, &c. which completely established his reputation; and when Mr. Shield, two or three years after the close of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, quitted Covent Garden, Mr. Reeve was engaged by Mr. Harris, as composer and conductor of the musical department. *Oscar and Malvina* was produced in the first season of his engagement. Mr. Shield, previously to his resignation, had selected the greater part of the Scots airs for the action of the piece, and Mr. Reeve furnished the overture, and all the vocal music that was new. The great merit of this overture is evinced by its popularity; and the sale of it has been almost unexampled. His subsequent compositions for this theatre are uncommonly numerous: *Raymond and Agnes*; *Harlequin and Oberon*; *The Round Tower*; *Joan of Arc*; *Harlequin Quixote*, and many other pieces of a similar description. In conjunction with Mr. Mazzinghi, he supplied the music of *Ramah Droog*; *Paul and Virginia*; *The Blind Girl*; *Turnpike Gate*, and *Chains of the Heart*: he also joined Mr. Braham in the composition of the *Cabinet*; *Family Quarrels*; *Thirty Thousand*; and *Lake of Lausanne*; and is the author of the whole of the music of the popular after-piece of the *Caravan*, produced at Drury Lane.

All these operas having been eminently successful, the sale of the music has, of course, been highly profitable to Mr. Reeve, and as he has constantly been mindful of those prudential maxims, without a proper attention to which the best talents merely serve to reduce their possessors to poverty and contempt, he has now the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of a respectable independence, the fair acquisition, and honourable reward, of his own genius and exertions.

Though the talents of Mr. Reeve, as a composer, are not limited to any particular style of performance, there is certainly one department of operatic music in which he is successful almost without a rival: we mean, in the adapting comic songs and duetts for the stage. He is perfectly aware of the wants and wishes of an English audience, and knowing where the airs may be fitly introduced, as well as the peculiar capabilities of the performers who are to sing them, his compositions are always full of character, and produce a very pleasing *theatrical effect*; a knowledge in which our composers, in general, are exceedingly deficient.

Four years ago, Mr. Reeve purchased a share of the Theatre at Sadler's Wells, which has also proved a lucrative speculation.

JOHN OPIE, Esq.

[We had made some arrangements for obtaining a memoir of this eminent and lamented Painter for our next *Cabinet*; but as Mr. Hoare has devoted the seventh Number of his *ARTIST*, (which appeared just as we were preparing this sheet for the press,) to the memory of MR. OPIE, and given some biographical anecdotes of him, on the authenticity of which we can rely, with an eulogium on his character, as just as it is ingenious and elegant; we have taken the liberty of making the following extract from that valuable publication; and in our ensuing number we propose to carry on the Biography from the period where Mr. Hoare has dropped it.]

JOHN OPIE was born in May, 1761, in the parish of St. Agnes, about seven miles from the town of Truro. His father and grandfather were reputable master carpenters in that neighbourhood. His mother was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Tonkin, of Trevawnnance in Cornwall, and amongst his ancestors in that line, is mentioned the author of a valuable history of Cornwall, which was left nearly finished, and is at present in the possession of Lord De Dunstanville.

He was very early remarkable for the strength of his understanding, and for the rapidity with which he acquired all the learning that a village school could afford him. When ten years old, he was not only able to solve

many difficult problems of Euclid, but was thought capable of instructing others ; and such was his increasing confidence in his own superior powers, that he had scarcely reached his twelfth year, when he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, and taught arithmetic and writing, for the latter of which he was excellently qualified, as he wrote many various hands with admirable ease and accuracy ; and he reckoned among his pupils some who were nearly twice his own age.

His father was very solicitous to bring him up in his own business, and to this end bound him apprentice to himself, but the soaring mind of the boy could not submit itself to drudge in the employment of a common man. The love of drawing and painting seems to have given a very early bias to his inclinations ; and the manner in which it disclosed itself cannot be considered as uninteresting.

Emulation appears to have first lighted up the ready flame. About the tenth year of his age, seeing one of his companions, whose name was Mark Oates, (now a captain in the Marine Service) engaged in drawing a butterfly, he looked eagerly, in silence, at the performance ; on being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, " he was thinking that he could draw a butterfly, if he was to try, as well as Mark Oates." He accordingly made the experiment, and triumphed ; and he returned home to his father's house in high spirits, on account of the victory he had obtained.

From this moment the bent of his talents was determined. It happened soon afterwards that his father being employed in the repairs of a gentleman's house in Truro, young Opie attended him : in the parlour hung a picture of a *Farm-yard*, probably of humble execution, but of sufficient merit to attract his notice ; and he took every opportunity of stealing from his father's side to contemplate the beauties of this performance, which, in his eye, were of the highest class. His father, catching him in one of these secret visits, corrected him ; but this had little effect ; he was soon again at the door of the parlour, where being seen by the mistress of the house, he was, by her intercession, permitted to view the picture without interruption. On his return home in the evening, his first care was to procure canvas and colours, and he immediately began to paint a

resemblance of the *Farm-yard*. The next day he returned to the house, and again in the evening resumed his task at home. In this manner, in the course of a few days, by the force of memory only, he transmitted to his own canvas a very tolerable copy of the picture.

Nearly by the same methods, he copied a picture of several figures hunting, which he saw in the window of a house-painter. In his copy, however, he had, in compliance with the *costume* of his neighbourhood, placed a *huntress* upon a pad instead of a side-saddle, and being laughed at for this mistake, he some time afterwards destroyed his copy.

The love of Painting had thus so thoroughly established its dominion over his whole mind, that nothing could now divert him from engaging in it as a profession: his father, however, still treated his attempts with great severity, and used his utmost endeavours to check a pursuit, which he considered as likely to prove injurious to his son's future prosperity; but the aspiring views of the young artist met with a zealous supporter in another part of his family; his father's brother, a man of strong understanding, and moreover an excellent arithmetician, continued to view his progress with pleasure, and encouraged him in his desire of learning, by jocularly complimenting him with the name of *the little Sir Isaac*, in consideration of the knowledge he displayed in mathematics.

He therefore followed his new studies with ardour, and had already attained a competent skill in portrait painting, and had hung his father's house with the pictures of his family, and of his youthful companions, when he became accidentally known to Dr. Walcot, then residing at Truro, (and since so celebrated under the title of *Peter Pindar*) who having himself some skill in painting, a sound judgment, and a few tolerable pictures, was well fitted to afford instruction, and various advantages, to the young scholar.

Thus assisted and recommended, his fame found its way through the country, and so rapid was his progress, that he now commenced professed portrait-painter, and went to many of the neighbouring towns, with letters of introduction to all the considerable families resident in them.

One of these expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait-painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of *Prideaux*, even to the dogs and cats of the family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and, taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them; adding, that, in future, he should maintain himself.

The first efforts of his pencil, though void of that grace which can only be derived from an intimate knowledge of the art, were true to nature, and in a style far superior to any thing in general produced by country artists. He painted at that time with smaller pencils, and finished more highly than he afterwards did when his hand had attained a broader and more masterly execution: but several of his early portraits would not have disgraced even the high name he has since attained. Towards the end of the year 1777, when he was sixteen years of age, he brought to Penryn a head he had painted of himself for the late Lord Bateman, who was then at that place with his regiment (the Hereford Militia), and who was an early patron of Mr. Opie, employing him to paint pictures of old men, beggars, &c. in subjects of which kind he was principally engaged, and which he treated with surprising force, and truth of representation.

At length, still under the auspices of Dr. Walcot, he came to London, where his reception, and his continued progress, are the fit objects of the biographer. It is the purpose of this paper to delineate solely his *character*, as a man, a scholar, and an Artist.

Mr. Opie's ruling passion was ambition, but ambition tending to the use and delight of mankind. It impelled him to eminence in his art, and it displayed itself in a resolution always decided, sometimes impetuous, to obtain every distinction which his path in life laid open to him. Accustomed in childhood to prove himself superior to his companions, the desire of com-

petition became unextinguishable. Wherever eminence appeared, he felt and eagerly shewed himself its rival. He was forward to claim the honours which he was still more diligent to deserve. He regarded every honourable acquisition as a victory, and expressed with openness the delight he experienced in success. On the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy becoming vacant by Mr. Barry's dismissal, he offered himself a candidate: and being told that he had a competitor, whose learning and talents pre-eminently entitled him to that office, he replied, that he abstained from further interference, but that the person who had been proposed was the only one in whose favour he would willingly resign his pretensions: consistently with his declaration, on Mr. Fuzeli's appointment to the office of keeper, he renewed his claim, and was elected.

Examples of a mind more open to the reception of knowledge, more undaunted by difficulty, more unreared in attainment, are rarely to be found. Conducted to London, by the hand of one who discerned his yet unveiled merit, he approached the centre of an exalted country with the liveliest hopes: he met its flatteries with trembling; and he viewed its unfeeling caprice with the sensitive emotions of genius, but with the unconquerable force of sense and judgment. An intellect, naturally philosophic, soon discovered to him that he was not born to depend on the frivolous conceit of crowds, but command the respect of the great and wise. He bent his powers to the formation of his own mind: he applied himself to reading: he sought the society of the learned: ardent in his researches, boldly investigating truth, pertinacious (though not overbearing) in argument, while he elicited light from his opponent, and steady to principles which he found could not be shaken by controversy: in this manner, while an unremitting perseverance, superior to the neglect of the multitude, maintained the cunning of his hand, he became a scholar and a painter.

The Life of Reynolds, published in Dr. Walcot's Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, was the first specimen of his literary ability. In this he displayed a profound knowledge of the subject, a quick and powerful perception of distinctive character, and a mastery of lan-

guage little to be expected from a youth, who was supposed to have been destitute of learning.

He next published a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, (since republished in “*An Inquiry into the requisite cultivation of the Arts of Design in England,*”) in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a *National Gallery*, tending at once to exalt the arts of his country, and immortalize its glories.

His lectures at the Royal Institution followed ;---- These were a spirited attempt to display the depths of his professional knowledge, amidst a circle assembled for entertainment and fashionable delight. His lectures impressed respect on his audience: they were full of instructive materials; they taught the principles of painting, and presented an accumulation of maxims founded on history and observation. But to whatever praise they might vindicate a claim, they never satisfied their author; and he declined the continuance of them. His election to the professorship of painting at the Royal Academy happening nearly at this time, he resolved to perfect what he had perceived defective; and he read at Somerset House four lectures, which, avoiding any collision with the brilliant specimens of erudition and imagination which had immediately preceded him in that place, appeared to have been unequalled in their kind.

In his former lectures at the Royal Institution, he was abrupt, crowded, and frequently unmethodical; rather rushing forward himself, than leading his auditors, to the subject. In the latter lectures, he was more regular, progressive, distinct, instructive; and delivered a mixture of humorous and impassioned sentiment in a strain of clear, natural and flowing eloquence. Here he found his genius roused, and his whole faculties adequately excited; and he shone more as professor at the Academy, than as lecturer at the Institution, because he was more formed by nature and application to address the studious and philosophic, than the light and gay. He possessed no superficial graces, either in his conversation or professional practice. Every thing in him was manly, resolute, energetic; yielding little to fashion, nothing to caprice; less addressed even to fancy than to judgment; in no measure adapted to catch a careless glance, but fitted to awaken thought, and gratify reflection. P. H.

THE PLEASURES OF A NEWSPAPER.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on tip-toe for new calls; he is unwilling to recur to the business of the preceding day, because it has been exhausted; or ashamed to recollect it, because it has disappointed him. A family thus met together, would drink the tea of *Lethe*, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought, and immobility of tongue, by the entrance of a *Newspaper*.

It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the *Newspaper* appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, to quicken the dull thoughts, and give expedition to the communicative tongue—even the breakfast-table is indebted to the presence of this lively guest. The tea acquires a more odiferous flavour, the toast is handed about with a quicker velocity, and the sugar and butter, though less white and sweet than could be wished, escape without censure, in the multiplicity of reflections which the *Newspaper* suggests.

No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to those who chose to think, or of conversation to those who prefer the humbler, though more noisy, business of talking. First, a long list of extensive amusements presents itself, fraught with every tempting inducement. Here it is important to observe how a play is *cast*, what great performers are concerned, and what farce or entertainment is to follow; if a concert, what pieces are to be performed, and by whom; if an opera, whether the divine Signora —— bears a part. From amusements there is a transition to works of charity, to subscription of names and sums of money for benevolent purposes: whether the arrangement here be judicious, or whether these ought not to precede amusements, I shall not stop to inquire. Perhaps the Editor

trusts to the good sense of his readers, that what he mixes heterogeneously, they will separate and arrange judiciously. Otherwise, there would be a *designed* confusion in the advertisement part, which would not be easily reconciled to common sense and would serve rather to perplex our reflections than to employ them to any purpose. Attentively observed, Newspapers will be found very correct pictures of the times, and very faithful records of the transfer of property, whether by sale or fraud.

I hinted, that the arrangement was apparently confused. We see books and pills, estates and lap-dogs, perfumery and charity sermons, crowded together by one of those accidents by which we may suppose *chaos* would be produced. Here a disconsolate widow advertises that she carries on business as usual, for the benefit of her orphan family, and there a lady of quality offers five guineas for the recovery of her lap-dog, which answers to the name of *Chloe*. A person wants to borrow 5,000*l.* on undenial security, and a stable keeper offers to sell a horse for 100 guineas upon his bare word. Servants want places, in which "wages are *no* object," and a place under government may be heard of, where wages are the *only* object. Humphry Jenkins lost his pocket-book in coming out of the play-house, and Sarah Howson has eloped from her husband, who will pay no debts of her contracting, "as witness his mark." In one place we have notice of a main of cocks, and just by it, the candidates for a vacant chaplainship are desired to apply. But of all persons "that on earth do dwell," the sick find the greatest relief in Newspapers. Why it is that disease should prevail in spite of the infallible medicines that are, in a manner, *thrust* down the throats of the sick, is astonishing. It would appear that the only disorder patients are troubled with, is an incurable obstinacy, which prevents them from taking medicines that have "cured thousands who have been dismissed from the hospitals in a most deplorable state." Do we not find that, in some cases, a single box of pills will effect a cure; and, in others, that the patient will be relieved by the smell only? Will not these medicines "keep good in all climates?" Is it not notorious that they perform their cures "without loss of time, or hindrance to business?" Why then do we hear of the sick and the

dying? Why are not our hospitals turned into almshouses for decayed physicians, and apothecaries who have no business?

Nor is the information respecting the preservation of health less important than the cure of disease. If we turn our eyes to the sales of houses and estates, we shall find that they are all situated in counties remarkable for the salubrity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and the purity of the water, charmingly sheltered, richly wooded, hill and dale, meadow and grove, where the east wind is not permitted to chill, nor the thunder to roll. These, it is true, are chiefly calculated for persons who can afford to pay rather extravagantly for the preservation of health; but this can be no object with those who know that health is the greatest of all blessings, and that in this way, it may be handed down to the latest posterity. The clergy, I must observe, are particularly interested in these advertisements. The rectories are all "situated in remarkably healthy spots," and the present "incumbent is nearly eighty years old." What greater encouragement to a man who wishes to do good, and to do it long, especially when it lies "in the vicinity of a pack of hounds"—a circumstance of which we are frequently reminded, although the connexion between the business of the pulpit, and the sports of the field, is not quite so obvious as might be expected from the eloquence of our fashionable auctioneers—a race of men to whose inventive genius we owe the conversion of horse ponds into beautiful sheets of water, ditches into canals, and gibbets into hanging woods; but the ablest men cannot do every thing. There are bounds, even in these times, to human genius.

Now, when all these subjects are introduced at the breakfast-table, what a copious source of conversation for the rest of the day, especially if any of those should create a desire to be a bidder or a purchaser! What hopes, what fears, what consultations! But this is not necessary to the pleasure a Newspaper affords. A man may give a very able account of an estate without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merit of an entertainment, which not one of the party means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distresses of an orphan family, without contributing sixpence to their relief, and even to read of the

cures performed by a "famous syrup," without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things, and if a Newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much.

Before quitting the advertisements, it may be necessary to mention two descriptions of persons who never appear to meet, and yet who never ought to separate, namely, those who "are equally desirous to lend money," and those who "are equally desirous to borrow it."--- Why people that might be so mutually serviceable, should stand in opposite columns in a Newspaper is very extraordinary. There must be some secret in this, which we, who know not the parties, are unacquainted with. That the party wishing to borrow should conceal his name is easily accounted for. Prudential reasons require that a man's temporary embarrassment should be concealed as much as possible; but that he who "would be happy to lend," or, as it is sometimes called, "to accommodate," should court obscurity, is not so easily explained. If it be from a motive of modesty, it is highly praiseworthy, but it prevents us from handing down the names of these benevolent persons to future ages as they deserve. Posterity can only know, that all the letters of the alphabet from A B to X Y have been eminent for their benevolence in accommodating distressed persons with sums of money "lying at their bankers, from 500 to 20,000 pounds;" and thus I close my meditations on the advertisements. I might mention more indeed, but as the Poet says---

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,
And lillies for the brows of faded age :
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympic dews,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ætherial journies, submarine exploits :
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders—wand'ring for his bread !

But yet all these would probably fail of their effect, were they the only contents of a Newspaper. There are thousands who are indifferent to a change of situation, who are confined to business and cannot leave it, who are gormandizing a breakfast and loathe medicine, who are blooming and want no washes, who are cheer-

ful and want no amusements, who are charitable and want no puffs or quackery to prompt their benevolence; yet, with all that, the rest of a Newspaper supplies that dear and exquisite food---NEWS. This part of a paper, though I have considered it last, is generally consulted first; and what can equal the gladsome inquisitiveness that appears in the eye, when it gently rolls over the columns of a fresh Newspaper? Such is the variety of this department, and such the attachment of every man to his favourite pursuit, that a tolerable guess may be formed of what a man is, by attending to what he first reads in a paper. The sturdy politician, indeed, is a general reader. He can find out a political allusion in every paragraph. If a lady of quality makes a false step, he can descant on the privileged orders; and, if the price of bread has risen, he can censure Parliament for the insufficiency of the corn laws. But others confine themselves to their favourite articles---the Court news delights the man of fashion, because he knows the parties---the ladies are anxious for the marriages, because they may know the parties---the young and the old are for the fashionable tattle of marriage, dances, duels, and dress, elopements, and other articles of the *amusing* kind; while the grave citizen casts a solemn glance at the price of stocks, wishes he had bought in, or hopes he shall soon be able to sell out; and there is a pretty numerous class to whom burglaries, murders, and picking of pockets afford a considerable gratification in the *detail*.

A Newspaper being thus perused, by every man according to his taste, the wheels of conversation are again set a-going, and the dullest has something to say, or some remark to make, on what he has read. If Newspapers, then, are undervalued, it is either because they are common and cheap, and we know that things that are common and cheap, are always undervalued; but this, perhaps, may not always be the case, for, in point of *cheapness*, the objection has been *gradually removing* for some time.

To appreciate their true value, therefore, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the

circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen---and after such a suspension of news, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths, which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury :---“*Died for want of intelligence!!*”

“Let us praise Newspapers,” says Dr. Johnson. “One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of the other.” L.

THE MELANGE.

No. II.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

PRECIOUS RELICS.. A Monke preaching to the people, having founde a verye rich feather of some strange foule, intended to make his parishoners beleeve it was a plume of the angel Gabriel: certaine good companions, his familiars, noting his knaverie, secrethie stole out of his casket the feather, and put in coales. Well, Mass Monke come once into his pulpit, after a long exordium, tolde to the people what a relique he had, one of the feathers of the angell Gabriell; but, putting his hande into his caskett, and finding nothing but coales, straight founde the knot in the rush, and said hee had taken the wrong caskett; but yet brought them a relique no less precious, which was the coales that Saint Laurence was roasted on: so that making crosses with them upon their garmentes, he departed with monkish credit. *Spanish Masquerado*, by Robert Greene, 1589.

QUEEN ELIZABETH... The following copy of an original letter from this Queen to Heaton, bishop of Ely, is taken from the Register of Ely:

“Proud Prelate,

“I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you to know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by —— I will immediately unfrock you. Yours as you demean yourself,

ELIZABETH.”

Heaton, it seems, had promised the Queen to exchange some part of the land belonging to the see for an equivalent, and did so; but it was in consequence of the above letter.

JUDGE FORSTER... A short time before this great lawyer's death, he went the Oxford Circuit, in the hottest part of one of the hottest summers that had been remembered. He was so far advanced in life as to be scarce capable of doing the duties which belonged to his office, and when the grand jury of Worcester attended for the charge, addressed them as follows:

“Gentlemen, the weather is very hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with what is your duty: I have no doubt but you will practise it.”

LORD THURLOW AND MR. PITT... Mr. Pitt was sufficiently notorious for the positiveness with which he delivered and supported his opinions. Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, once rebuked him in his own way. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was disputing at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he maintained it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could... “Then,” said Lord Thurlow, “your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to have made such a damned *positive* fellow as you are.”

LAW AND EQUITY.

JUSTICE, “the mistress and queen of all the virtues,”* the basis of all social virtue as well as happiness, the very corner-stone on which society is built---this very justice, if exercised too rigorously, would often be found, amidst the combinations and entanglements of human affairs, even to border upon injustice ; insomuch that the civilians have established it into a maxim, that, “extreme justice is extreme injustice”---*summum jus summa injuria*.

It should seem therefore, that the magistrate, to whom the execution of justice is committed, must not only *do justly*, but (in the language of the Prophet) also *love mercy*. I do not mean, that he should ever act otherwise than the laws direct, or at any time dispense with the right execution of them ; but only, that he be governed therein, as often as he can, by the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of them. For in the law, as well as in the gospel, the *letter* frequently *killeth* : as when any statute, from a new and different situation of things and persons, gradually brought on by course of time and change of manners, enforceth proceedings different from, or, it may be, contrary to, the true original intent and meaning of it. The office, therefore, of a magistrate, a justice of peace for instance, should be in part a kind of a petty chancery ; a court of equity, as well as a court of justice, where a man, although pursued by *law*, may yet be redressed by *reason*, so often as the case will admit of it ; and that will be as often as the *spirit* of any law or statute shall be found to clash with its *letter*.

Mean while, it must be carefully noted, that the magistrate has no power to decide according to equity, when it is opposed to written and positive law, or stands in contradistinction to it—no, not even the judge, much less the justice. It is a maxim, *ubi lex non distinguit,*

* *Omnium domina et regina virtutum.* Cicero *de Offic.* III. 6.—According to an ancient Greek moralist, every other virtue is comprehended in that of justice: Ἐν δὲ δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήγονται τὰς ἀρετὰς. Theognis.

nec nos distinguere debemus ; and again, judicandum ex legibus, non de legibus : and an ancient pronounced it very dangerous for a judge to seem more humane than the law; φαίνεσθαι φιλανθρωπότερον τῷ νόμῳ. The danger consists in its opening a latitude of interpretation, and thereby giving room to subtlety and chicanery, which, by gradually weakening, would in time destroy the authority and tenor of law : for, “ though all general laws are attended with inconveniences, when applied to particular cases ; yet these inconveniences are justly supposed to be fewer, than what would result from full discretionary powers in every magistrate.”

Hume.---So that the dispensation of equity seems reserved, and with good reason, not to the judge who is tied down by his rules, but to the law-giver or supreme legislator : according to that well-known maxim, *eius est interpretari cuius est condere.* Thus Constantine the emperor : *Inter aequitatem jusque interpositam interpretationem nobis solis et oportet et licet inspicere.* Cod. I. 14. 1.—See also Taylor's *Elements of Civil Law*, p. 90, &c.

It is not meant, therefore, as is said above, that the magistrate should ever dispense with law, or act against it ; but only, that he should, as far as he can, temper it with lenity and forbearance, when the *letter* is found to run counter to the *spirit*. For instance ; our ancient Saxon laws nominally punished theft with death, when the thing stolen exceeded the value of twelve pence : yet the criminal was permitted to redeem his life with money. But, by 9 Hen. I. in 1109, this power of redemption was taken away : the law continues in force to this very day ; and death is the punishment of a man who steals above twelve-pennyworth of goods, although the value of twelve pence now is near forty times less than when the law was made. Here the *spirit* is absolutely outraged by the *letter* : and therefore might not a justice, when a delinquent of this sort is brought, endeavour to soften the rigour of this law ; or rather to evade it, by depreciating the value of the thing stolen, by suffering the matter to be compromised between the parties, and, where the character of the offender will admit of it, instead of pursuing the severities of *justice*, by tempering the whole procedure with *mercy*?—This, and similar modes of acting, may be said indeed to

be straining points; but, unless such points be strained occasionally, magistrates must often act, not only against the *spirit* of the laws, but against the dictates of reason, and the feelings of their own hearts.---Sir Henry Spelman took occasion, from this law, to complain that "while every thing else was risen in its value, and become dearer, the life of man had continually grown cheaper."*

Fortescue has a remarkable passage concerning this law. "The civil law," says he, "where a theft is manifest, adjudged the criminal to restore fourfold; for a theft not so manifest, twofold: but the laws of England, in either case, punish the party with death, provided the thing stolen exceeds the value of twelve pence."† But, is not this comparison between *Civil* and *English* law astonishingly made by a man, who was writing an apology for the latter against the former? What?---is it nothing to settle a proportion between crimes and punishments? and shall one man, who steals an utensil worth thirteen pence, be deemed an equal offender against society, and suffer the same punishment, with another, who plunders a house, and murders all the family?---See *Beccaria*, an Italian marquis, *Upon Crimes and Punishments*.

ERRORS OCCASIONED BY OUR PASSIONS.

THE Passions lead us into Error, because they fix our attention to that particular part of the object they present to us, not allowing us to view it on every side. A King passionately affects the title of conqueror. Victory, says he, calls me to the remotest part of the earth: I shall fight; I shall gain the victory; I shall load mine enemy with chains, and the terror of my name, like an impenetrable rampart, will defend the entrance of my empire. Inebriated with this hope, he forgets that fortune is inconstant; and, that the victor shares the load of misery, almost equally with the vanquished. He does not perceive, that the welfare of his subjects is

* *Glossar. in voce Laricinium,*

† *De Laud. Leg. Angliæ, c. 46.*

only a pretence for his martial phrenzy ; and that pride alone forges his arms, and displays his ensigns : his whole attention is fixed on the pomp of the triumph.

Fear, equally powerful with pride, will produce the same effect ; it will raise ghosts and phantoms, and disperse them among the tombs, and in the darkness of the woods, present them to the eyes of the affrighted traveller, seize on all the faculties of his soul, without leaving any one at liberty to reflect on the absurdity of the motives for such a ridiculous terror.

The passions not only fix the attention on particular sides of the objects they present to us, but they also deceive us, by exhibiting the same objects, when they do not really exist. The story of a country clergyman and an amorous lady, is well known. They had heard, and concluded, that the moon was peopled, and were looking for the inhabitants through their telescopes. If I am not mistaken, said the lady, I perceive two shadows ; they mutually incline to each other : doubtless they are two happy lovers.—O fie ! Madam, replied the clergyman, these two shadows are the two steeples of a cathedral. This tale is our history, it being common for us to see in things what we are desirous of finding there : on the earth, as in the moon, different passions will cause us to see either lovers or steeples. Illusion is a necessary effect of the passions, the strength, or force, of which is generally measured by the degree of obscurity into which they lead us. This was well known to a certain lady, who being caught by her lover in the arms of his rival, obstinately denied the fact of which he had been witness. How ! said he, have you the assurance—Ah ! perfidious creature, cried the lady, it is plain you no longer love me, for you believe your eyes before all I can say. This is equally applicable to all the passions, as well as to love. All strike us with the most perfect blindness. When ambition has kindled a war between two nations, and the anxious citizens ask one another the news ; what readiness appears, on one side, to give credit to the good ; and, on the other, what incredulity with regard to the bad ? How often have Christians, from placing a ridiculous confidence in monks, denied the possibility of the antipodes ! There is no century, which has not, by some ridiculous affirmation or negation, afforded matter of laughter to the following age.

A past folly is seldom sufficient to shew mankind their present folly. S.

HUMAN MISERY!

A FRAGMENT.

— I was obliged to wait for relays at —, “an’ please you,” said the post-boy, “it will be a full hour afore we can set off again.” The poor fellow seemed to dread my anger, and with a fearful anxiety looked in my face. “Thank Heaven, I am not an *angry* traveller,” I inwardly exclaimed: “Very well, my lad, I will walk till that time.” It was an autumnal evening, the last rays of the bright orb of day still lingered on the surrounding foliage, as I entered a pleasant grove. The birds offered up their evening song of gratitude, and afforded a lesson of humility to upstart man. I was in a contemplative mood. I thought of absent friends, of my native home. A soothing serenity occupied my mind, and I exclaimed, “Why is man ungrateful? the protecting Providence that guards the trembling sparrow from the ravaging hawk, is mindful of the welfare of his creatures.” A loud sigh roused me from my soliloquy; it proceeded from a man seated under the canopy of a spreading oak. He was far advanced in the vale of years—his silver locks, parted on the forehead, disclosed the traces of what he had been; his eyes beamed with a mild glow of pious resignation; his uplifted hands discovered that his thoughts were elevated far above this world; his beard flowed over his breast, and gave an awful air of majesty to his figure. On seeing a stranger, he bowed and courteously pointed to a seat beside him—I accepted it, and we entered into conversation. On every topic he spoke with wisdom, but still a deep melancholy rested on his countenance, and dimmed the fire of his age. “Sir,” said he, “your face bespeaks you to be possessed of humanity; you doubtless have had your trials, for who in this world are exempt; but perhaps (for I perceive you are English) you still have tender ties that link you to society; perhaps you have blooming sons and daughters, the idols of your love; a wife, the soother of your cares, the

prop of your existenee—while I——” I saw he could not proceed ; drops of bitter anguish chased each other down his furrowed cheek. I endeavoured to whisper a few words of consolation, and joined my hand to his. A scalding drop of misery fell upon it ; he groaned pitifully for some time ; at last, seeming to acquire fortitude, he arose, and, waving his hand, said, “ Come with me, Sir, and in the abode of sorrow learn a lesson of wisdom.” I followed instinctively. Embosomed in an almost impervious glen stood a cottage. It was in the midst of a little garden, in a corner of which was raised a hillock ; over it waved a drooping willow. We entered a small parlour ; in the window seat was a female, apparently about the age of twenty ; she was tall and elegantly formed ; the pallid hue of sickness was spread over her features. She was looking intently on a miniature portrait, and when we entered a hectic flush suffused her cheek, and she regarded me wistfully ; then returned to the portrait—and then looked again. “ Father,” said she to the old man, “ I thought he was Frederick—I did indeed.”—“ Hush.”—She approached me—“ I was to have been married to Frederick to-morrow, but they tell me he is dead—and see, there he lies !”—continued she, pointing to the hillock. “ But still I *will* see him—will kiss his cold cheek—for he *did* love me ; he swore he loved me truly—You weep—you seem affected ; so am I, but I cannot weep—now I’m better, see—” She laughed hysterically, and sunk exhausted on a sofa. I shuddered. “ This is the lesson I would teach,” said her father ; “ beware how you trifle with the happiness of a young female—Once we were happy ; in the society of my wife and daughter, I knew sorrow but by name. A fell deceiver came—his face wore the marks of honour, but his heart was of the blackest dye : he triumphed over the innocence of my daughter, and reduced her to the condition in which you now behold her.—My wife sunk under this accumulated misery—yet still I survive, and still I trust we shall be happy hereafter. Hence, Sir, and should you again behold the modest lily plucked by a libertine hand, remember us.” He conducted me again to the oak where we met, and in half an hour I was on the road to Paris.

COLVILLE BARRY.

ENTOMOLOGY:

With a short account of the principal Collectors of Cabinets of Insects in London.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN a work published in the year 1805, it is asserted that Entomology was in its infancy. At the time this book was written it might not have been in so flourishing a state as could be wished; but I certainly cannot admit that it was in its infancy. Entomology was first studied as a science upwards of two centuries ago; since which the students of this very pleasing branch of Natural History have greatly accumulated. Fabricci was the first person who may be said to have entered seriously into it. Sir Charles Linnè, every one will say, was a very great Naturalist, but he was more acquainted with any other study than that of Entomology. William Turton published a translation of *Linnaea Systema Naturæ*, with additions, which was very well received. At present, I am happy to say that the science of Entomology (independent of other subjects of Natural History) is much countenanced by Schoolmasters. But I proceed to give an account of the Collectors of Insects in London. The first collection is that of Sir Joseph Banks, a person universally beloved by all who know him, and who is justly considered as the patron of Entomology; but it does not follow, because a person has the greatest number of Insects, that he is the best Entomologist. Sir Joseph has amassed a vast collection of English and exotic Insects, though I will not pretend to say that he is the collector of them, or that he knows the names and uses of a third part of them. The next I shall name is that of Mr. Thomas Marshall, so renowned for his first volume of *Entomologia Britannica*. The collection of this gentleman, I may venture to say, was almost wholly made by himself. It is to be hoped that he will continue this work, but it must be some time before the second volume can be produced, as he has now another very arduous task to perform, being secretary to a large Trading Company. Mr. Donovan intends giving plates of the insects described in the first volume, in the work he is now publishing, entitled, "The Insects of Great Britain." Mr. M. was at one time Secretary to the Lin-

avan Society, in which situation he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all the Fellows of that most respectable circle. The Cabinet of Mr. Francillon of St. James's-street makes a great figure among the Collections of the day, it being allowed to be the finest assemblage of foreign Insects in the metropolis. His American Insects were collected by Mr. James Abbot, who published a History of the Insects of a particular Order in Carolina. I might make mention of several others, but I shall only add at present, that Mr. Donovan has also an extensive Collection of Foreign, but more particularly of English, Insects.

I am, Sir,

London, 29 March, 1807. W. F. G. Fellow Lin. Soc.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

When I enter (says Mr. Stephen, in his *Dangers of the Country*) that venerable hall which for many centuries has been the seat of our superior tribunals, and contemplate the character of the courts which are busily exercising their several jurisdictions around it, I am almost tempted to forget the frailty of man, and the imperfection of his noblest works. There, justice supported by liberty and honour, sits enthroned as in her temple, elevated far above the region of all ignoble passions. There, judicial character is so strongly guarded by ages of fair example, by public confidence, by conscious independence, and dignity of station, that it is scarcely a virtue to be just. There, the human intellect nourished by the morning dew of industry, and warmed by manly emulation, puts forth its most vigorous shoots, and consecrates them to the noblest of all sublunary ends.

If the rude emblems of heavenly intelligence with which our pious ancestors have adorned that majestic roof, were really what they were meant to represent, they might announce to us that they had looked down upon an administration of justice, advancing progressively, from the days of our Henries, at least, in correctness, liberality, purity, and independence, till it has arrived at a degree of perfection, never before witnessed upon earth, and such as the children of Adam are not likely ever to surpass.

This blessing, the fairest offspring of freedom, or rather its purest essence, may like all other advantages, be undervalued by those who have always enjoyed it, and know only by report the evils of a different lot. But those Englishmen who have travelled far enough, to see ignorance, prejudice, servility, and oppression, in the seat of justice, know how to appreciate and admire the tribunals of their native land.

Nor is the protecting power of our superior courts, less distinguished than their purity. In what other realm can an independent judge, deliver him whom the government has consigned to the darkness of a dungeon? Where else is the sword of the state chained to its scabbard, till drawn by the sentence of the law? And who but an Englishman, can defy, while judges are incorrupt, the proudest minister, or most insidious minion of a court!

The unique and inestimable institution of trial by jury, is an item only, though a proud and precious one, of this glorious account. The Englishman's life, his honour, and, with some reasonable exceptions, his property too, are placed not only under the protection of the laws, but under the further safeguard of his neighbours and equals in private life, without whose sanction, solemnly given upon oath, he cannot be condemned.

MATERNAL LOVE.

IT appears that the Creator has been careful to compensate the too fleeting enjoyments of love by a most valuable benefit, in consequence of which even the meanest living creature seems to be animated by an emanation from the Deity. This blessing is the tender affection of parents toward their offspring; and this sentiment is divine, for it is disinterested, and remains undiminished, though often repaid with ingratitude. It is celestial, because, ever entire, indivisible, and incapable of envy, it can extend to several objects at once. It is eternal and infinite, for it triumphs over love, and subsists beyond the grave. What an execrable monster would that mother appear, who should prefer a lover to her infant, to that helpless, innocent, and amiable being, whose existence nothing but maternal tenderness can preserve. Many species of animals, that sacrifice their

own lives for the sake of their young, would reflect disgrace on such an unnatural parent. They not only give them birth, but caress them even amid the agonies of death ; and the occupation, in which the females of brute animals seem to take most delight, is that of suckling their offspring. Maternal affection is the pledge of love, by which nature derives from the heart of a mother an ample compensation for all her sufferings. Nothing equals the anxiety with which a mother seeks her lost child : nothing can exceed her transport when, after fatigue and search, after a tedious separation, she at length recovers it, and embraces it as if it were just then born. The desire of fecundity is the brightest charm in the cestus of Venus ; nay, it seems to be the only one that can be valuable in the estimation of chaste and virtuous women. These are the priestesses who keep alive the sacred fire of Vesta ; and perish that contemptible wretch who, instead of being warmed with this pure flame, burns with a gross and brutal lust ! Love has dipped only the point of his shaft with desire ; when the whole weapon is envenomed by it, misery must attend those whom it wounds.

P.

THE CORONATION OATH,
AND THE
OATH OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

THESE Oaths having been so often adverted to in the late interesting Parliamentary Discussions, and having both been published in the daily prints imperfectly and inaccurately, particularly the latter, our readers will, perhaps, not be displeased at this re-publication of them in a correct form.

THE CORONATION OATH.

The Archbishop or Bishop shall say,
“ Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern
“ the People of this Kingdom of England, and the
“ Dominions thereto belonging, according to the
“ Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the Laws and
“ Customs of the same ? ”

The King and Queen shall say,

" I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop, or Bishop. " Will you to your power
" cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in
" all your Judgments?"

King and Queen. " I will."

Archbishop, or Bishop. " Will you, to the utmost of
" your power, maintain the Laws of God, the true pro-
" fession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed
" Religion established by Law? And will you preserve
" unto the Bishops and Clergy of this realm, and to the
" Churches committed to their charge, all such rights
" and privileges as by Law do or shall appertain unto
" them, or any of them?"

King and Queen. " All this I promise to do."

After this, the King and Queen, laying his and her
hand upon the Holy Gospels, shall say:

" The things which I have here before promised I
will perform and keep. *So help me God.*

THE OATH OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

You shall swear to be a true and faithful servant unto
the King's Majesty, as one of His Majesty's Privy Coun-
cil; you shall not know or understand of any manner of
thing to be attempted, done or spoken against His Ma-
jesty's Person, Honour, Crown or Dignity Royal; but
you shall lett and withstand the same to the uttermost
of your power; and either cause it to be revealed to His
Majesty himself, or to such of his Privy Council as shall
advertize His Majesty of the same. You shall in all
things to be moved, treated, and debated in council,
faithfully and truly declare your mind and opinion ac-
cording to your heart and conscience, and shall keep
secret all matters committed and revealed unto you, or
that shall be treated of secretly in council.

And if any of the said treaties or counsells shall touch
any of the counsellors, you shall not reveal it unto him,
but shall keep the same until such time as by the con-
sent of His Majesty, or of the council, publication shall
be made thereof. You shall to your uttermost bear faith
and allegiance unto the King's Majesty, and shall assist
and defend all jurisdictions, pre-eminentes and authori-
ties granted to His Majesty, and annexed to the crown
by act of parliament, or otherwise, against all foreign
Princes, Persons, Prelates, States or Potentates. And

generally in all things, you shall do as a faithful and true servant ought to do to His Majesty. So help you God, and the holy contents of this book.

THE ARTS.

No. III.

MR. BARRY.

ON Friday the 10th of last month, was sold by Mr. Christie, at his rooms in Pall-mall, the paintings, &c. that belonged to the above celebrated artist, who proved to the world, what might be done without the patronage of the great. But when can we expect to find another man cast in a similar mould, possessing a mind of more than usual vigour, blessed with an uncommon share of good health, fully capable of appreiating the merits of the works of the learned in his own profession, and well acquainted with literature in general; living in a house in which no human being resided but himself, performing all the domestic offices with his own hands, and at the same time supporting himself with a dignified and an independent spirit.

To enter into many particulars of his life would occupy more space than we can at present afford; but as we feel assured that even the stumps of the pencils that belonged to so great a master, would be a valuable present to many of our readers, we intend, at a future period, to resume the subject, being promised some anecdotes that Mr. Barry related of himself, and which will strongly elucidate his singular character.

It is with regret we relate, that the produce of the sale did not equal our expectations, for which we can only account by observing that the pictures were painted by a *modern*; if they had possessed the tinge of age, had received the salutary applications of the Spaltham pot, and been covered over with a coat of varnish that would almost put out of countenance the sun at noon day, then would all the rich and titled brokers have been there, (who deceive and are deceived themselves) attended by their *disinterested* advisers; then many of the lots would have brought nearly as much as the whole

collection produced, and the lucky purchaser would have deemed himself in possession (to use connoisseurs' language) of an inestimable jewel, while *great! amazing! divine!*—*I am ravished!*—*I am transported!* would have been echoed by the whole tribe of dependents and independents, belonging to the mystery of *picture-craft*.

The fate of poor Barry's pictures is not a singular case, for the works of a great man are seldom estimated by the age he lives in, and we prognosticate that his productions, like many others, will be held in proper respect, a century or two hence.

We must own, that the paintings lost much by not being better known; their excellencies do not lie upon the surface, but require more knowledge than falls to the share of common beholders, and their merit is not to be estimated on a cursory view. The following extract from the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Malone, will illustrate this assertion; and what is there said of Raffaele, we foretel will happen hereafter to our countryman's series of paintings, in the great room belonging to the society of Arts and Sciences in the Adelphi.

"It has frequently happened, (says Sir Joshua Reynolds) as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raffaele, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had those performances made on them. One of the first painters now in France, once told me, that this circumstance happened to himself, though now he looks on Raffaele with that veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of the art. I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; but on confiding my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaele had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on enquiring farther of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on

first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master; I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaele, and these admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them, more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfections of the art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these great works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained."

In returning to the account of the sale, which produced no more than 1600*l.* we cannot do better than give a few extracts from the catalogue, with the prices annexed which the principal pictures brought.

In the commencement it is stated that Mr. Barry was,
* late professor of painting, in the Royal Academy; and
member of the Clementine Academy at Bologna:

* "The recollection (says a spirited writer) of, I believe, the only instance on record, of the exercise of the extraordinary power of expelling obnoxious Academicians, fills me with deep concern, and makes me wish, more than I wished before, that this law had never found place in the Academic code. From those who had attained the honour of occupying the first rank among the votaries of the liberal arts, we expect a corresponding principle of appreciation; and the friends of genius might rationally hope that he who had decorated and led forth the triumphal procession of Art and Philosophy, should have been regarded, at the Royal Academy, rather by the magnitude of his merits, than his freedom

In this institute, among the rarest exemplars of the best schools, is deposited this great painter's celebrated picture of Philoctetes; considerably larger than life: the hero is seen suffering on the isle of Lemnos, under the persecution of the Atridæ. The subject is from Sophocles; and was painted by Parrhasius, a Greek of Ephesus—vide the elder Pliny:

— — — “Here for ten years
Have I remain'd, whilst misery and famine
Keep fresh my wounds; and double my misfortune.
This have the Atridæ, and Ulysses done,
And may the Gods, with equal woe, repay them.”

FRANKLIN'S SOPH.

This production of epic art, matured by extensive knowledge, and by cultured genius, raised the British character among foreigners: and having gained the applause of the present, it will descend with increasing admiration to future ages! The Philoctetes of Barry, was engraved at Bologna by an Italian, soon after the picture was finished; and impressions from the plate were dispersed over every part of the continent.

Edmund Burke demonstrating his positions on the Sublime and Beautiful, painted about the year 1771.
9l. 9s. od.

Cupid instructing Mercury to string the Lyre from his Bow. 13l. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Barry's Portrait, sitting at the Base of the Statue of Hercules, who is crushing Envy, holding the picture of the Cyclops, a subject painted by Timanthes.

12l. 12s. 0d.

A Study from the picture of St. Jerome at Parma, by Corregio. 17l. 17s. 6d.

Dido and Æneas, from Virgil. The first picture

from defects; yet on that distressing occasion did the Royal Academy of Arts, instituted by the best of sovereigns for the protection and culture of talent, expel from their society (and with an ignominy which time seems now to retaliate upon their laws) an artist of the highest class—one, whom posterity, if not his contemporaries, will proclaim, in the words of his own Lear, “a man more sinned against than sinning,” and the independence of whose principles, and the greatness of whose mind, made the errors of his enthusiasm seem far too trivial to call down such mighty resentment.”

Barry painted at Rome, and the only Landscape, which he quitting in pursuit of nobler game, it was flung by unfinished. 14l. 14s.

Temptation of Adam, by Eve. 105l.

" Thus Eve with count'nance blith her story told,
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd—
On the other side, Adam soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank ; while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd :

— — — — —
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

After long choosing, and beginning late, Barry, prepared for the undertaking by sedulous studies after the Greek marbles, the great labours in the Vatican, and in the best repositories of the arts at Rome, settled the doubts long fluctuating in his active mind, whether to select his subject from Homer, or from Milton: 'twas decided in favour of the latter ! and the temptation of Adam by Eve was committed to the canvas ; from whence it issued with a purity of form, combined with attic perception, that gained universal eclat among the cognoscenti of all nations (where the fame of Paradise Lost had attracted no less attention than the Iliad) ; but it was particularly spoken of by the French, undoubtedly at that time (with a very few exceptions) the best artists at Rome, who were fast regenerating from fluttering, and frothy compositions ; or what is still more base, insipid mediocrity of design, which they had been accidentally thrown into from the nature of their debilitating establishment, and the frivolous usages of a voluptuous city. From Rome this picture was consigned to the care of the late Edmund Burke, for exhibition in this metropolis, where it obtained the highest encomiums from the first of our British artists, and from all intelligent judges in works of virtu : it not only met admirers, but competitors for purchase : But it was set aside, with others, merely from the singularity of this unique artist.

Venus Anadyomene..... 115l. 10s.

This production from the celebrated pencil of Barry, was painted upon his return from Italy, and exhibited publicly as soon as it came from his easel. It claimed,

and met with decided approbation ! In this picture, the candid, and the judicious, see combined, attic fire, with the most chaste and captivating contour of bewitching forms : this subject had been treated by Apelles, the merit of whose performance may be estimated by the following epigram :

“ Si nunquam Venerem Cois pinxitset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.”

Jupiter beguiled by Juno. 26l. 5s.

This picture was placed by Augustus in the temple dedicated to his father, which was also named the Anadyomene, from the fine work of art it contained.

“ To Ida's top successful Juno flies,
Great Jove surveys her, with desiring eyes.”

This truly sublime and classic representation from the great Iliad, carries with it a moral lesson of the highest importance ; the poetry of Homer is finely embodied by painting ; and while the figures from their magnitude possess all the sublimity of the feast of the Gods in the Ghigi Palace, they are treated with considerably more learning and comprised within a size adapted the space of a common apartment.

“ In omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur ; et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est.”

Pandora, or the Heathen Eve. 230l. 9s.

The last production of the great, and of the extraordinary BARRY, was carried on, under every circumstance of discouragement ; and the artist was borne out in the undertaking, solely by the perseverance and fortitude of his enlarged and independent mind : what would have subdued most other men, raised and invigorated the exertions of Barry to a pitch of knowledge in the art he loved, seldom attained, and never exceeded.

“ Non vidit Phidias Jovem, fecit tamen, velut tonantem ; nec stetit ante oculos ejus Minerva, dignus tamen illa arte animus, et concepit Deos et exhibuit.”

Senec. Rhet. lib. 20.

Of the Pandora, the author gives the following narration.

“ While I was studying the Greek statues at Rome, and comparing them with the gods and goddesses of Raffaele at the Ghigi, I felt myself impelled to try how far my own will and strength would carry me in a parallel

subject with this of Raffaele: the advantages of living in the 18th century, after so much intervening, and very essential criticism, and Greek illumination in the articles of beauty, character, sublimity, &c. these essential advantages appearing to me, if not a sufficient counterpoise, yet at least a considerable accession of weight in the light scale of a tramontane, and a modern: emboldened by this, I sat down, with great avidity, to a subject from Hesiod, which is more interesting, and fuller of action than that of Raffaele's from Apuleius.

"It is Pandora or the Heathen Eve, who having been brought by Venus into the assembly of the Gods, is emblematically seated: while she is attiring by Cupid, and the Graces: the former is demanding from his mother, the powerful Cestus; Minerva is discoursing of the domestic duties of a wife, with a shuttle in her right hand, and in her left a tapestry robe, with the story of Jove fulminating the Titans, or the punishment of pride and arrogance, likely too soon to become apparent in the descendants of poor Pandora. Vulcan is reposing from his labour, surveying the beauteous mortal: the hammer in the hands of Vulcan, the fire, egg, water, tadpole, frog, serpent, &c. near him, are allegories allusive of the general design. Mercury is putting on his talaria, to carry her down to Epimetheus the destined husband; the Loves and Horæ are scattering flowers; Hebe carrying round nectar on the occasion—Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and Pluto form the principal group—behind Juno, are seated Cybele, Ceres, and Diana; two of the Parcæ, in a cave of clouds behind Jupiter, are employed upon her destiny, whilst the other is coming forth with the well-known casket, which contains her portion, &c. near lies (sleeping) Cerberus. On the opposite side of the picture, Apollo is singing the Hymeneal! upon his right are the muses Urania, Euterpe, Clio; on the left of Apollo, in the middle ground, Bacchus, Pan, Mars, and Venus (intriguing, though the goddess is somewhat pouting with jealousy). Between Minerva and Pandora stands Hymen. In the back ground upon the left, the coursers of the sun and other Muses, are preceded by Aurora, whose "rosy morn" throws ruddy gleams throughout the various groups that compose the majestic Synod of Olympus, and close the interesting scenery of the epic drama.

" Except the mere mention which Pausanias makes of a Basso Relievo carved by Phidias upon a pedestal of Minerva at Athens, this is altogether a virgin subject, and perhaps one of the finest remaining of the ancients; as I had this subject much at heart, and the whole of my studies, whilst I was abroad, were one continued preparation to the painting of it, (which might indeed well satisfy me, as it included the whole of the art,) it was with great mortification I found myself necessitated to decline two very flattering offers, which were made for the painting of it, one by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the other by Mr. Lock, but it was impossible for me to comply, as I was thoroughly persuaded that this subject, would, from the very nature of it, lose much of the grandeur of its effect, by being reduced to too narrow limits."

The following observations of a French critic of celebrity, who has written much upon the art, are suited to most ages of civilization, and are therefore humbly submitted.

" New performances are approved of at first by judges of a very different character; by men of the same profession, and the public; they would soon be rated at their just value, were the public as capable of defending and maintaining their sentiment, as they know how to espouse the right party: but their judgment is easily perplexed by persons who make a profession of the art. Now these persons are frequently subject to make a false report of things: for reasons which we shall give hereafter. They therefore throw such a mist over the truth, that the public continue frequently for some time in a state of uncertainty or error; though such artists cannot impose on others, so as to make them believe that those excellent things are but indifferent with respect to others; the error into which they throw the public by this means with respect to a new performance, is a long while in removing. Till the work becomes more generally known the prejudice which the decision of such artists has caused in the world, balances the sentiments of judicious and disinterested persons; especially if it be from the hands of an author, whose reputation (from habits natural to the studious) is not yet established. Boileau's prediction in favour of Racine's Tragedies, is fully accomplished! an impartial posterity has declared

itself in their favour! the same may be said of painters. Not one of them would have attained, after his death, to the degree of distinction due to his merit, were his fate to be always in the power of other painters; but by good fortune, his rivals are masters of his reputation but for a short time: for the public take the cause by degrees into their own hands, and, after an impartial inquiry, render every one justice, according to his merit.—If great artists are so sensible of jealousy, what must we think of indifferent ones!"

Crit. Reflec. Ch. 21, 23, 24, and 27.

The Portrait of Dr. Johnson was sold for thirty guineas; the Prince of Wales, in the character of St. George, for twenty five guineas; *King Lear*, *Cordelia*, &c. for twenty guineas.

INTELLIGENCE.

Five more numbers of *The Artist* have been published. No. II. contains an admirable essay, by Northcote, on originality in painting, on imitation, and the frauds of collectors. No. III. a spirited reply to a satire called the *Flyflap*; with some remarks on the attempt to introduce a Foreign Artist to execute a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson. This paper, from the initials, appears to be the production of Mr. Hoppner. In No. IV. is an essay by Mr. Hoare, on the premature exercise of taste, and its effects on works of genius. "We are led" says the ingenious writer "by taste, thus prematurely formed, to condemn from partial motives; we exclude from our consideration every thing that our own minds have failed to embrace, and we disapprove of one another, merely because we happen to have taken different turnings from the right road. The surest basis on which our critical taste in any art can be founded, is a thorough investigation of what has been actually performed by human endeavours in the subjects before us." The whole paper is excellent. No. V. contains a letter by Mr. Cumberland on Dramatic Style, which we have obtained permission to insert in another department of our present Number. No. VI. exhibits a compendious statement of some of the scientific improvements of the last century, and their extensive influence towards promoting the comforts, the security, and the happiness of the human species.

Amongst the pictures for the next Exhibition by J. R. Smith in crayons, we have seen a small whole length of a lady who imagines she has descried the ship in which she expects the return of her husband. This will be found a most interesting picture. When portraits have strong resemblance, and convey sentiment, as this eminently does, they are doubly valuable. Mr. Smith has another picture of a Gardener who has just obtained the consent of his sweetheart. The man's joy, and the woman's modesty and diffidence, are beautifully expressed.

A charming picture by Mr. Westall is now on exhibition, from Cuthbert Shaw's beautiful monody to the memory of his wife, who is making her dying address to the husband, and imploring him not to suffer a second attachment to diminish his affection for their only child—

“ And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.
 “ Wilt thou ?—
 “ I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent
 “ And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.”

In the countenance of the female there is a most interesting expression of mingled affection, solicitude, confidence, and resignation, that rivets the attention, and touches the feelings. The face of the husband is concealed, but the position of the figure is attractive, and the drawing and colouring of the whole picture in the most fascinating stile of the artist. This concealment of the features cannot but remind the spectator of the account of Timanthes' picture of Agamemnon, in which the painter got great credit for not exhibiting the countenance of the distracted father, though it afterwards appeared that he only copied Euripides. “ Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance towards the fatal altar ; he groaned, and turned aside his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with his robe.” Sir Joshua Reynolds, alluding to this circumstance, observes that “ whoever does it a second time, will not only want novelty but be suspected of using artifice to evade difficulties.” The latter suspicion cannot well attach to a painter so capable of conquering the difficulties of art as Mr. Westall.

Romney's paintings and sketches are shortly to be put up to sale at Christie's. They include, besides his *Lear*, and *Ophelia*, many of his happiest productions both in the way of portrait and history.

We have to mention, with the deepest regret, the death of John Opie, Esq. R. A. and professor in painting, an artist who materially increased by the vigour of his genius the reputation of our English school of painting ; whose mind was distinguished by strong powers of original thinking, and who possessed a warm, open and benevolent heart. His funeral was attended by many of the principal nobility, and leading public characters of the country.

The pall-bearers were, Lord De Dunstanville, Sir J. St. Aubyn, Sir J. F. Leicester, Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. W. Smith. The President and Members of the Royal Academy followed, with other numerous friends.

We are happy to understand that the exquisite picture of Chaucer's Pilgrims by Stothard, noticed at length in our last number, will continue to be shewn to the public during the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Somerset House.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Stranger in Ireland; or, A Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country, in the year 1805.
By John Carr, Esq. of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Author of a Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic; the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to. 2l. 5s. pp. 530. Phillips. 1806.

Though constantly associating with the natives of Hibernia, and three or four days will convey us to the Irish metropolis, the knowledge which Englishmen in general possess of the sister kingdom is extremely superficial; and the information they will derive from a traveller like Mr. Carr, whose stay there did not exceed six months, and who visited only the south and southwest parts of the country, cannot be expected to satisfy very inquisitive minds:—they will nevertheless find in this volume, a body of very useful intelligence respecting the Irish character; the present state of society, political economy, national manners, public buildings, &c. of Ireland. Strangers, it must have been observed, are much more curious than native inhabitants, and the citizens of London often hear the first accounts of its curiosities from a country guest. Mr. Carr seems to be this sort of *Stranger* in every country he visits.

He would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not, like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix to one spot, and rot just as he grows.

Besides what his own diligence and penetration have collected, he has had the advantage of corresponding with some of the most able, impartial, and distinguished persons of Ireland, and Englishmen resident there. Though in one sense he went thither a *Stranger*, and they “as a stranger gave him welcome” yet his former highly interesting and entertaining volumes, could not fail to recommend him strongly to many persons of rank and intelligence, and of course to facilitate the principal

object of his visit. Thus qualified he entered upon his task of describing Ireland, and he accomplished it so much to his own credit and the satisfaction of the Irish people, that their vice-roy, the Duke of Bedford, soon after the publication of the work, conferred upon its author the honour of knighthood.

Sir John Carr has another very important recommendation as a writer of tours, especially when they stretch out to upwards of five hundred quarto pages; he is never tedious. We who, as reviewers, set out with a travelling author, and feel it our duty to go the whole way with him, can never overlook this most agreeable, if not most essential of all qualifications. Though we found the road now and then a little rugged, we never wanted to get rid of our companion.

Our notice, however, of this volume, must be necessarily brief. The first chapter is occupied with a description of that part of Wales which conducts the traveller to Holyhead. The account of "the most noble city of Dublin" as it is styled in the preface to King Edward's charter, is highly interesting. From the following extract it appears, that the church establishment of Ireland is very defective.

"There are 2436 parishes, 1001 churches, and only 355 glebe or parsonage-houses. The benefices or union-parishes amount to 1120: so that there are 2081 parishes without any residence for the clergymen, and 1435 parishes without any churches. Where there are no glebe-houses, the resident clergyman rents a house; where he does not reside, his curate performs the service, and I was informed with tolerable regularity: but the inconvenience must be great, and residence from necessity rare."

We are glad to find that this important subject is now under the consideration of parliament.

Some excellent remarks are made upon the condition of the poor in the capital; the parochial establishments; the state of the coin, paper money, &c. The author proposes as a remedy for the exchange "a consolidation of the English and Irish bank." This is a subject which, we believe, has embarrassed government not a little; but whatever objections may be made to Sir John Carr's plan, we heartily concur in his concluding reflection.

"Uniting Ireland to us in her advantages, and leaving her the gloomy dignity of unenvied independence in her wants and inconveniences, approaches a little too closely to the selfishness displayed in the fable of the Two Travellers, in which the friendly pronoun *we* with respect to the treasure found was only recognized

by the finder, when the hue and cry of the country were raised for the loss of the treasure."

With these matters, however, at present it is almost dangerous to meddle. We hope the true policy of this country toward Ireland may not be too long neglected. The Houses of Parliament; the Post Office; Trinity College Library, and University, next engage Sir John's attention. An anecdote of Curran here occurs, which we shall transcribe.

"An examination at this college produced the following circumstance, with which I am sure every mind of liberal feeling and classical taste must be delighted. When Curran was in the college, it happened that a fellow-student and friend of his had to repeat in public a Latin thesis which he had written. Unfortunately for the orator, the word *nimirum* occurring in it, he pronounced it *nimirum*, (sounding the second *i* short,) which so wounded the critical ears of the learned auditory, that a general buzz was heard in the room, and the words "false quantity" were whispered by one and another to the utter confusion of the speaker. To divert the attention of the assembly, and relieve the embarrassment of his friend, Curran had recourse to the following generous and brilliant expedient : "Gentlemen," said he, "it is by no means extraordinary that the student should have mistaken the quantity of this word ; for according to Horace, there was only one man in all Rome that understood the word, and that was Septimius :

"*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus.*"

This apposite and ready application of the first line of one of Horace's Epistles, it is needless to say, produced universal good humour, and effectually extricated the young student from the awkward situation into which he had fallen.

After describing every object worthy of notice in Dublin and its vicinity, our agreeable tourist proceeds towards the South. Nothing escapes his observation ; scenery, mansions, customs and morals are descanted upon alternately with peculiar vivacity and elegance. Some particulars of the battle of Arklow in the rebellion of 1798 are given in page 162. Sir John Carr is of opinion that the resolution of Colonel Skerrett on this occasion not only saved Arklow, but the kingdom.

The chapter on the low Irish, and on bulls, is full of lively anecdote and strong character ; the author has also collected some beautiful specimens of the eloquence of Grattan and Curran, the great senatorial and forensic orators of Ireland. The *general remarks* which form the concluding chapter, the most valuable perhaps in the volume, include many just and forcible observations on

these interesting topics---party opinions---high and middling classes---the lower classes---the catholic priests---the absentee landholders---their agents---cabins---tillage---unlicensed distilleries---porter breweries---exchange of militia---magistrates---subordinate courts of justice---oaths---registers---linen manufactures---and the celebration of the 4th Nov. in College Green Dublin.

Sir John Carr thus concludes his account of a country which, "he visited with delight and quitted with regret."

The last wish of my heart with respect to the incorporation of Ireland with Great Britain is, that the description given by that great master of lyric poetry, Horace, of an union of another kind, may become every day more and more applicable to these twin stars of the western hemisphere.

"Felices ter et amplias
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Lib. 1. Od. 13.

We heartily join in this benevolent wish, and now take leave of our lively and intelligent traveller, hoping that it will not be long before we have an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, and of accompanying him in another journey, the length of which he can so agreeably beguile. The plates are in number seventeen, and very finely aquatinted by Medland and others, from the author's drawings.

My Pocket Book; or, Hints for "a Ryght Merrie and Conceitede" Tour, in quarto, to be called "The Stranger in Ireland," in 1805. By a Knight Errant, 12mo. 4s. 6d. Vernor, &c. 1807.

This is the preceding work *travestied* by some 'fellow of infinite jest', who has thought Sir John Carr's volume sufficiently popular and important to merit a *pocket edition*, *i. e.* an edition by which the author might *pocket* something. It is the *mousing owl* hawking at the *eagle*---pecking at it with his beak, and now and then fetching a little blood, but not *killing* the noble bird, who will sustain his steady and dignified elevation, and perhaps not once turn round to notice his diminutive assailant.

To those who have not read the "Stranger in Ireland" the *Pocket Book* will not be intelligible, and to those who have, it will be very obvious that the mischievous wag has purposely dislocated the author's words to put

his own “ryghte merrie” interpretation upon them. We must confess we have laughed heartily at this whimsical arrangement, or, more properly speaking, *derangement* of Sir John Carr’s sentences ; but any work by a similar process might be rendered equally ridiculous. The writer’s *wit*, however, is some apology for his want of candour, though we think his talents might have been more usefully and more honourably employed.

Turf-house, a Poem; founded on the success of William Pearce, a poor man, who reclaimed Twelve Acres of Swamp to cultivation and fertility, for which he received the silver medal and fifteen guineas from the Society for the encouragement of arts, &c. with an appendix, containing the particulars of the interesting fact, 8vo. pp. 40. Bagster, 1807.

The conduct of William Pearce affords an example of which, it would be well for the country if there were many imitators ; a more remarkable instance of persevering and indefatigable industry is no where recorded. A quantity of land lying waste was thus improved by his unassisted exertions. The land was chiefly swamp ; the surface for the most part was less than six inches, under which was a bed of loose stones of various sizes, from half a pound to three cwt. or thereabouts ; but the latter generally appeared above the surface. To clear away these, was certainly a work of great trouble ; but still it assisted him in another respect, and on this account it was so far an advantage : for, on removing these stones from their natural bed, they were carried to places in which they might be handy to face his banks, the extent and labour of which was very great.

His method was first to inclose a part ; to do which he was obliged to collect materials, that is, tufts and stones, as he could procure them ; which cost him great labour. After which, when he came to clear away to improve the grounds, the stones by being used as before mentioned, separated his *extreme* enclosures, and divided the grounds into different departments, and assisted him in the two grand objects, of clearing the ground, and making the banks, which were between five and six feet high, and four feet broad, as he built them to be durable. In the spring, as the land became dry, he began to cut up the surface of the ground, exactly the same as tufts

for fuel; which being placed upright, with their upper ends touching, were left in this manner to dry.

As soon as this was accomplished, they were placed in piles, loosely together, and burnt. He then proceeded to clear under the surface the loose stones, which being removed, he came to a stratum of rather light loose clay, among which, at times, stones were likewise found. For this reason it became necessary first to break up all this ground by hand, not being able to use the plough, which, when done to a convenient depth to answer the purposes of tillage, was manured with the before mentioned burnt materials, to which at times, something more was added. The corn was then sown, and turned in with the plough, wheat, oats, and barley in succession, with the latter of which grass seed was sown. It was then suffered to lie fallow for three or four years, at the end of which time, it was managed by the common methods of ploughing, harrowing, and manuring. After this, a regular succession of different kinds of grain, fit to keep the ground in the best state for cultivation, was carried on. Having improved as much as required his more immediate attendance, and the produce of which tended greatly towards the support of his family, he began to erect a dwelling on the spot, the walls of which were composed of turfs, the roof rafted and thatched by himself; to which he added, a barn, stable, cart-house, and other convenient out-houses for his cattle, &c.

Such is the process by which this industrious poor man, accomplished his laborious, but most creditable and useful task, which he commenced at fifty years old, at a time when he was obliged to work hard as a labourer, for a shilling a day, to support himself, a wife and seven children; with the disadvantage of a natural infirmity in one of his hands, which rendered it nearly useless. For some years he could only attend to his improvements at the conclusion of his hard day's work; and for part of his manure consisting of sea sand, besides the trouble of loading and procuring it, he travelled two hundred miles annually.

The Society of Arts in the 22d volume of their transactions, very justly observe, that this man's industry tacitly reflects upon those persons who lead a life of indolence, by contrasting it with the great powers im-

planted in man by the All-wise Creator, and the general advantage arising to individuals and the public, by the proper use of such powers. The society have brought this man from obscurity to public view, as an example of what can be done under material personal disadvantages; and it would afford an interesting employment for the mind to calculate in how short a period the waste lands of this united empire might acquire a complete state of culture, if men, equally capable, would be equally industrious.

Of the poem which is written to celebrate this agricultural exertion, a labour almost *Herculean*, we can do little more than applaud the intention.

"From critics—should they deem her [the Author's muse] not beneath
Their sapient notice, she anticipates
Her condemnation."

The Author is a good *prophet*, though a bad poet. Some attempts at new compounds are made, which however, we cannot recommend as very felicitous, "an *immortal-soul'd* race;" "*Achille-nerv'd* activity," &c.

The rising Sun, a Serio-Comic Satiric Romance. By Cervantes Hogg, F. S. M. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 368. Appleyards, Wimpole Street. 1807.

This production of Mr. Hog, is calculated to please the *swinish multitude*. It is a satire upon a certain ILUSTRIOS PERSONAGE his connections and adherents, who, with some other public characters, will be easily recognised, without a key, under the names of *Squire Gildrig*, the eldest son of *Farmer George Gildrig*, *Edmund Quirke*, *Charles Brush*, *Billy Vortex*, *Thomas Hareskin*, *Richard Merryman*, *Major Cutlass*, *Mrs. Billingsgate*, a singer; *Mrs. Villars*, *Mrs. Fitzwaddle*, &c. It is also an *Abstract and brief Chronicle* of the events which have occurred from the year 1760 in the Manor of *Freeland*, and among its tenantry. In point of style and decorum, the work is worthy of the name of its author, who has notwithstanding grunted out many dreadful truths, of which, however unwelcome they may be to some ears, the public have daily the most disgusting and lamentable evidences such as must occasion murmurings, "not loud but deep," that may one day

break forth into open indignation and remonstrance. Let them be prevented in time.

The author is well acquainted with public characters and incidents; his romance is ingenious and whimsical; and the satire is “boldly levelled against those vices which are beyond the reach of the law, and those persons who are too great for it.”

The Progress of Love. A Poem, by Martin Kedgwin Masters. 12mo. pp. 130. Longman, 1807.

The author candidly confesses, in his preface, “that he wrote this poem with an intention to publish, in the hope of obtaining literary reputation,” and we shall candidly state, as our opinion, that his intention was well judged, and that his hope is likely to find accomplishment. The poem is divided into three books. The author commences with the usual invocation to the Muse; he then deprecates the severity of criticism, in consideration of the disadvantages of his education—

Me, nor the streams of Cam, nor Isis saw
Stray on their classic banks, to taste the fruit
Which lib'ral culture ripens on that soil,
For those more blest of heav'n.

The subject is next proposed :

Of Love I sing, mysterious theme ! be mine
Through all the labyrinthian wild to trace
Its changing forms, or hostile or benign,
Of pain or pleasure, to the perfect hour
When mingling souls in mystic union link'd,
Quaff unalloy'd th' ambrosial cup of bliss.

The progress of Love is thus traced. The poet first points out the general effects of love, as the first cause of the creation; reclaiming man from barbarism, producing social order, the arts, civil government, &c. The history of poetry as the offspring of love, and the rise and progress of music, as deduced from the same principle. After having thus treated of the effects of love in its most extensive sense, as the operations of benevolence in the Deity; love is next considered as a passion of the human heart: and first, lust is described as opposed to love; he next gives the particular history of the rise and progress of love, as it appears in both sexes: cautions, and instances are then adduced of the various ways in which misery results from love, in its

usual operations from the effects of vice, folly, or thoughtlessness, mixed with it.

In the second book, the position is maintained and illustrated, that contrast of temper is best adapted to produce comfort in the married state. This is a very questionable hypothesis, and the poet's illustration of it is inadmissible. A sensible woman does not reject an effeminate man because he is so *like herself*, "so feminine, so delicately weak" but because he is so *unlike a man*. The *masculine female* is obnoxious to the other sex upon a similar principle. By the maxim which Mr. Masters combats "in love select your like" it was never meant more than that in a partner for life, we should endeavour to choose one who from equality of years, and similarity of taste, disposition, and sentiments, is most likely to afford happiness to the married state. That in wedded life *contraries* do sometimes *commix* is no doubt true, and a *mild spirit* yoked with an *impatient one*, may by forbearance assuage the anger of its furious companion; but how does this prove that the parties thus "join'd, not match'd" are so much the *happier*? we must first believe that

"Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni."

We have next the philosophy of love at first sight; an allegorical description of its characters and effects, and a tale exhibiting its mischievous consequences;—the description of a prostitute, and general picture of seduction, with a tale also in illustration;---warnings to young persons trusting themselves in dangerous situations with those they love before marriage, followed by another tale proving the fatal result of such conduct, where no vice existed.

The third book paints the miseries of unrequited love; the various resources of lovers where affection is reciprocal, to support the pain of absence or disappointment, from the tyranny of relations; the harsh interference of parents; jealousy; the different effects of love upon different dispositions, exemplified by instances and anecdotes. The general causes of unhappiness in wedlock, disparity of years, interest, mutual deception; virtuous and successful love before marriage. The poem concludes with a picture of connubial happiness.

Having exhibited the plan, we shall enable our rea-

ders to judge of the execution, by selecting a few short passages. The rise and progress of love is delicately described in these lines,

— the stricken youth exults

At her approach, and when departure robs
Of its lov'd idol his adoring eye,
As fades her length'ning shade, his spirit sinks ;
Again he's blest ; across his loit'ring path,
Where sedulous he wo'd the lucky chance,
She re-appears ; fresh palpitations beat
Increas'd alarm ; with timid tenderness
He breathes a falt'ring salutation out,
Then shudders lest his speech hath been too rude.
For him all other beauties vainly shine,
She only amiable, lovely, wise :
At each fresh interview some novel charm
Breaks with increasing splendor on his sight :
To her his absent musings swift revert.
Whether he drink the liquid blaze of noon,
Or mark the shadowy car of wheeling night ;
Throng'd in the clam'rous city, or at large
Imprint his lonely footsteps on the dews,
All-beauteous starts her image to his eye ;
Her silver tones still tremble on his ear.

The sympathy of absent lovers is no less beautifully imagined and expressed :

And oft the solemn compact chears their gloom
Whom many a tedious league hath sunder'd wide,
That each revolving day, the self-same hour
Be sanctified to solitude and love.
Say ye whose vows harsh interdiction meet,
And driver, perhaps, by adverse fate afar,
How 'midst the hollow moanings of the wind,
Or tempest's mingled fury, have ye joy'd
When your keen spirits piercing through the storm
Have leap'd the envious space that interpos'd,
And caught the whisp'rings of the voice ye lov'd.

The *Death of Sappho* by taking the lover's leap, is very poetically described :

First in the Pythian fane her votive lyre
Now mute, she hung, then march'd unfalt'ring on
To where the beetling surge old ocean mocks.
One palm outspread to heaven in dumb reproach,
The other bent presageful o'er the wave,
Sublime 'twixt earth and sky a moment's space
She gaz'd on fate ; with desperation wing'd
Then from the craggy summit plung'd on air,
And hid her sorrows in th' Aonian tide.

We are only prevented by our limits from making more copious extracts ; but these will be sufficient to shew that the author possesses the fancy and sensibility of a poet in no ordinary degree. We think however it may be objected that his descriptions are sometimes too glowing. "The work" doubtless "bears internal evidence of moral intention," but in describing the incitements and effects of love, the colouring may be made too vivid : if the passions are first inflamed, the moral deduced by the author will make no fit impression. We therefore are almost afraid to say that the *moral intention* is "unpolluted by any thing of an opposite tendency."

Mr. Masters has been careful to distinguish the passages he has borrowed, by quotations, and has even marked "charities," as an expression which he is unwilling to claim as his own. In this instance he carried his horror of plagiarism to a needless excess, while with respect to some other expressions where the imitations are more obvious, he has been silent; "*moody madness*" (58) "*such a chilling calm as might be felt.*" (75) "*Death's pale ensign, planted on his cheek*" (93). "*A look of such rebuke as angels wear*" (94). Let parent never *sin against his soul* (96). These however are trifles, and we should not have noticed them, if the author had not rendered it in some degree necessary, by his observation in the preface.

The Beauties of Antiquity; or Remnants of Feudal Splendour, and Monastic Times, Engraved by J. Hassel. large 8vo. vol. 1. pp. 56.

This volume of a work, which we believe is publishing in monthly numbers, presents an elegant series of views of some of the most picturesque remains of Gothic antiquity which attract the curiosity, and interest the feelings of Englishmen, as they travel through England and Wales. The engravings, which are well executed in aquatint, are accompanied by written descriptions of the several castles, priories, monasteries and abbeys, and a brief review of the historical incidents and traditions which attach to the respective ruins.

The work is well entitled to public encouragement.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitire; with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy. With which are now for the first time interspersed, Varieties incidental to the principal matter, in prose and verse. In Nine Additional Dialogues, as overheard by James Beresford, A. M. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. 12mo. pp. 292. Miller, 1807.

The first volume of this publication appeared before the commencement of our labours. The originality of the design gave it popularity; and the merit of the execution was considerable; but we were satiated with *miseries* long before we reached the end of them, and we gave the author *groan* for *groan* in numberless instances. This second volume, like most supplementary performances, is inferior to its predecessor in whimsicality, and what enhances its demerits, it is superior to it in bulk.

We hope they are really “*last groans*,” for we have already endured one of the *miseries of reading*, by several times falling fast asleep over Mr. Beresford’s pages, particularly the introductory dialogues.

The Dangers of the Country. By the Author of War in Disguise. 8vo. 5s. Butterworth, 1807.

Mr. Stephen, the Barrister, is the author of this tract, which was partly sent to press soon after the fatal battle of Auerstadt. The danger of invasion may have been diminished by subsequent events, but the author “deems it, on this account, only the more necessary to raise his feeble voice against the indifference and supineness which prevail in regard to our public defence: since the apprehension of immediate danger no longer tends to correct these faults, and they may, by a false sense of security, be fatally confirmed!”

Mr. Stephen first assumes, what it would be folly to deny, that *we may be conquered by France*. “Let us mark (he says) in the page of history the periods which immediately preceded the subjugation of Greece, by Philip and Alexander, the dreadful overthrow of Carthage, by Rome, and of Rome herself by the barbarians, and we shall perceive that their fate was long very visibly approaching, that it might probably have been averted by vigour and prudence, but that the de-

voted nations strangely neglected the obvious means of self-preservation, till the opportunity of using them was lost." Having demonstrated the possibility of our being conquered by our Gallie enemy, he proceeds "to analyze the tremendous mischief which is possibly impending over us, to exhibit some of its elements, and point out the exquisite wretchedness which it would entail upon our country."

The picture drawn by the author is a frightful one, but we do not think it overcharged. The first part of the pamphlet is divided into sections, which treat of the usurpation or destruction of the throne; the overthrow of the constitution ; the subversion of our liberty and laws ; the destruction of the funds, and the ruin of property in general ; the dreadful extent and effects of the contributions that would be exacted ; the rigorous and merciless government that would certainly ensue ; the subversion of our religious liberties ; and the dreadful corruption of morals. Such, Mr. Stephen believes, would be the inevitable consequences of a conquest of this country by France. His arguments are drawn from the conduct of the French in other countries ; from the system pursued in their own ; from their open threats and private insinuations ; and from the natural inveteracy they entertain towards the constitution and liberties of this country.

From this fearful detail, the author makes a pleasing transition in Part II. *to the means by which these dangers may be averted.* We agree with him that "these painful anticipations would be worse than useless, if the sad fate which seems to be impending over the country were such as no possible efforts could avert" for in thus minutely specifying the calamities which might befall us, the enemy is taught the mode by which they are to be effected. Before he proceeds to suggest The public measures which appear to him to be essential to the salvation of the country, he discusses this most important question, *ought we to make peace with France?* the author rejoices in the failure of the late negotiation, because he is decidedly of opinion that no safe peace could have ensued ; and he thinks that the great and insuperable objections to a treaty of peace with Buonaparte in the existing state of Europe, are first, that it will enable him to prepare new means for our

destruction; secondly, that it cannot abate his inclination to use them; and thirdly, that it can bring us no pledge or security whatever, against his pursuing the most hostile and treacherous conduct. Mr. Stephen discusses this point with all the ability of a statesman. As an effectual means of security, he insists upon a *great increase of our military force*, and with this view proposes several new measures for the better regulation of the army, and particularly of our volunteer corps. "To advance the discipline, meliorate the physical character, and enlarge the number of the latter, are beyond doubt, the best defensive expedients we can possibly resort to, if such improvements can be made." The *youth* of soldiers he considers a quality of the utmost importance.

To those who have felt indignant at the contempt with which the volunteers have been treated, or who themselves think that their exertions would be very insignificant in the field of battle, the following quotation will afford no small satisfaction.

" To suppose that these patriotic bands are not capable of being made fit for the secure defence of their country, because they can have no actual employment in war till the event of an invasion, is to adhere to old theories, in contempt of the most decisive experience. The French officers, are said to express astonishment at our having a diffidence in our volunteers on this exploded principle; and so they reasonably may; for by whom have the most brilliant exploits of their own campaigns been performed, but troops that had never seen service? We ourselves, however, might have learnt to correct the old prejudice earlier, by our experience in America; and what a glorious refutation was lately given of it by the 78th regiment at Maida!"

" The brave young Scotchmen who composed that corps, were raised in 1805, and sent to the Mediterranean in September of that year. Till they landed in the Bay of St. Euphemia from Sicily, on the first of July last, they had never seen a musket-shot fired in actual service; and yet they confounded by their steadiness, as well as by their intrepidity and ardour, the bravest battalions of France."

Reformation he considers as another *essential basis of our national safety*. Not the correction of abuses of a financial or constitutional kind, because a wish to reform such abuses, where they admit of safe correction, is not wanting in His Majesty's Councils; but a reformation which we have too long owed both to God and man; *the abolition of the slave trade*. Considered

morally, religiously, and politically, Mr. Stephen contends, that the abandonment of this horrible traffic, would be more essential to the salvation of the country, than her volunteers, her army, or her navy. Upon this interesting subject, as well as upon all the others which have occupied his attention in these pages, he expatiates with admirable ingenuity, and with an earnestness that does honour to his feelings; “it is good to be zealous in a good cause.” Few will go all the length of Mr. Stephen’s argument with respect to this trade, but no one can fail to be struck with the instances he has adduced in support of his hypothesis. The calamities of other nations, and some that have befallen this country he looks upon as providential chastisements for the slave trade, while the United States of America which have long since (one of the States excepted) finally delivered itself from the guilt of this trade, have been distinguished with unusual blessings.

“ Let us turn our eyes (says our author, in this fine passage) to the rising Western Empire, and we shall see a people, whose fortunes furnish a striking contrast to the calamities of European countries. As the autumnal storm, while it strips the grove of its leaves, and lays prostrate some of its more ancient trunks, favours the young and hardy pine, by opening to its aspiring point and expanding base, a freer course, and more copious sunshine; so have those revolutionary tempests which have laid waste the ancient realms of Europe, given an accelerated growth to the United States of America, both in their strength and stature—Population, agriculture, commerce, maritime power, how rapidly have they all increased in that country!”

The legislature having, since the publication of the *Dangers of England*, passed a vote for the extinction of the African trade; if we admit the justice of our author’s reasoning, we may now hope with him that the measures to be adopted for the security and defence of the nation will be truly efficacious !

Socrates: a Dramatic Poem. Written on the Model of the Ancient Greek Tragedy. 8vo. 3s. Wilkie, 1806.

This drama is neither written in verse nor prose, and if the ancient Greek tragedy *be* the model on which it has been written, the names of Sophocles and Euripides must be expunged from the catalogue of Greek poets.

CHORUS.

"Heaven in its great justice sends
To impious men innumerable torments—
Torments not to the body confin'd
But more severe of the mind."

Whether it is intended that *torments* should be the countersound to *sends*, we know not, but this is a specimen of the author's *rhyme*, taken from one of the chorusses; of his verse that is *not rhyme*, the following passage will give a just, if not a favourable idea.

CRITO. Much we in charity should impute to example
(Not turpitude of soul) sanctioned as they think by ages.
Would men were sensible that what they deem strength is
weakness

After this our readers will not need to be reminded that this play is written *on the model of the ancient Greek Tragedy*.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Rouge et Noir de Musique, or Harmonic Pastimes, being Games of Cards constituted on the Principles of Music; intended as well for the Amusement of the Musical World in general, as of those who are totally unacquainted with the Science. Invented by Thomas Danvers Worgan.

Cards and Music—no very natural combination certainly, and to us the utility of their being now associated is not very apparent. If Mr. Worgan hopes to lure young ladies and gentlemen into "the wilds of harmony," we think he might have adopted a much simpler and clearer method; but he promises that his pupils "may become perfectly acquainted with the whole of these games, without subjecting themselves to the penance of making the least advance in the knowledge of music." If then his book merely describes a new game of cards, we are afraid it will be found rather a dull one.

Monthly Minstrelsy, a periodical Work in twelve Numbers; containing short Essays in Poetry and Music, written and composed by T. D. Worgan.

Lines on the memory of Lord Nelson, a song, a sonatina, and all for a shilling! enough for money certainly as times go; but "non quo sed quomodo" is the question for us to determine. As in this department of our work we do not profess to be reviewers of poetry, except as it is connected with music, we pass the "lines" and proceed to notice the song. Mr. Worgan, like Mr. Kemp, has been guilty of the imprudence of resetting the

words of a favourite air: he certainly has produced an elegant and well-accompanied melody, but such a one as must sink in comparison with that which we have so long been accustomed to admire. The Sonatina is worthy to be about Lesson, No. 4, in Mr. Hook's " *Guida di Musica.*"

Three Sonatas for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello; composed by J. F. Hering. Op. 3.

Mr. Hering is a composer of very considerable respectability. These sonatas bespeak a correct taste, a cultivated fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the various styles of harpsichord and piano forte music. The first opens with a bold preludio in C minor, evidently formed on the style of the first movements of many of Handel's *overtures* and *concertos*: it introduces with considerable effect a sprightly modern *vivace*. The subject of the *andante* is easy and flowing, and the concluding *rondo* lively and animated. The second sonata in D minor will not be found so generally pleasing as the first; it nevertheless possesses many striking passages, and some bold modulation. The first movement of the third sonata is a good deal in the florid style of Pleyel: a *thema* follows with variations which display much fertility of invention, and will be found excellent practice. The accompaniments are adapted with care, and with every attention to effect. Points led off by the piano forte are judiciously answered by the violin, and *vice versa*: an obligato passage for the violoncello, is also well introduced in one of the variations of the last sonata. On the whole we feel justified in recommending these sonatas to the attention of the public, as displaying many proofs of genius, of judgment and of science.

No. 2. *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartetts, Quintetts, Glees, &c. Composed by Joseph Kemp.*

The present number justifies the opinion which we gave of this work at its commencement. We shall separately examine each of the pieces it contains. The first, is a song in a *pastorale* style, which if not distinguished for novelty of design, is at least pleasing, and assisted by a judicious accompaniment;—it is a good deal in the manner of one of the songs in the first number. The second song "*O nymph of fortune's smiles beware*" is rather common; it ranks with that class of compositions in which there is nothing to censure, and not much to commend. The ballad, "*Farewell Harry,*" which follows is not of this cast: simple, yet elegant and expressive, it is sufficient to establish Mr. Kemp's claim to superiority as a composer of ballads: perhaps it is not fair to decide after so short an acquaintance, but we are quite of opinion that this style of composition is Mr. Kemp's forte—we advise him to cultivate it. The last piece of this number is a pastoral canzonet for two voices. It is a bold experiment for a composer to reset words which have been long sung to any popular air. Jackson failed more than once in this attempt; his "*Black ey'd Susan*" has been long forgotten, while the original air is as popular as ever. In the duett before us Mr. Kemp has chosen the ballad of "*Dear is my little native vale;*" now though we never saw much in that

ballad to admire, yet among the class of amateurs to whom Mr. K.'s work will be most acceptable, it certainly has been popular, and is not yet forgotten: we think therefore he would have acted more judiciously to have chosen some other words, especially as his duett does not possess any strong claim to general approbation. We expected that this number would have contained a glee, a trio, or a quartett. Mr. Kemp must not give us too much of one dish.

Overture, No. 15, for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the admired air of "With lowly suit," composed, and dedicated to Lady Caroline Bertie, by Mr. Latour.

We cannot find any thing in this overture, as it is called, but a repetition of common passages, lengthened out to eight pages. Storace's elegant air of "With lowly suit" is introduced in the midst of a rondo, as if it had been dropped there by accident, or inserted by a blunder of the engraver; it certainly would have come in with equal effect at any other part of the overture.

Nos. 5 and 6. Recreations for the Piano Forte composed by Mr. Latour.

Both of these recreations, and especially the latter, we prefer to the overture just mentioned. No. 5 is a pleasing rondo, and No. 6 an air from "The Travellers" with variations, which are well conceived and skilfully arranged. We can recommend both numbers as useful exercises for young performers.

Pretty Susan the Water Cress Girl, a favourite Ballad, as sung with the greatest Applause at Bath; composed and dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Richardson, by J. Terrail, jun. the Words by W. Miele.

If "Pretty Susan" was personated by a pretty woman, prettily dressed, a Bath audience could do no less than applaud her, but we unfortunately have not had the advantage of hearing Mr. Terrail's song so performed; in despite therefore of the opinion which he quotes in his title, we must withhold our applause. Nevertheless, to give "Pretty Susan" her due, we think her quite equal to "Lovely Kate who sells sweet briar," "Sweet Polly, the Marjoram Girl," or indeed any of the fair venders of herbs who have from time to time made their appearance.

A Recreation, composed of a Scene or Introduction, an Aria and a Rondo, for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the German Flute, dedicated to Miss Caroline Cole of Bath, by L. Von Esch.

This recreation opens with a movement in B minor, which introduces the simple and elegant air that follows with peculiar effect; the style and the subject of this movement are pleasingly varied in the minor, which again introduces the original air. The concluding rondo is lively, and is considerably improved, as indeed is the whole sonata, by the addition of a flute accompaniment.

A Collection of Madrigals is about to appear under the care of the Rev. R. Webb, of St. Paul's. The publication will contain twenty madrigals for three, four, five, and six voices, selected from the works of Bennett, Wilbye, Morley, Prenestini, Weelkes, Gibbons, and other celebrated writers, as they are preserved in the books of the Madrigal Society.

(*Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.*)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

ON DRAMATIC STYLE.

IN A LETTER TO PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

From Richard Cumberland, Esq.

From the ARTIST.

To P—H—, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

You wish me to contribute to the literary work in which you are engaged ; and, if I have hesitated to obey your wish, it is because I very much doubt whether, circumstance as I am, it can be in my power to suggest any thing that may be useful to your purpose, and worthy of your acceptance. In this scruple I am perfectly sincere, for my avocations at this moment are extremely urgent ; however, lest I should be suspected of assuming a feigned self-diffidence for the sake of evading a friendly exertion, I send you a few thoughts, in which you must not look for much method, having thrown them out as they occurred to me, without resort to books, which, in my present situation, are not within my reach : they will not ornament your essays, but if they shall be of any service to those who consult them, I must hope your readers will take my good will in good part, and recollect that the polish of a button does not add to the use of it.

As you have written very amusingly for the stage, and I hope will amuse yourself by writing for it again, I will devote the remainder of this letter to a few familiar remarks upon Dramatic Style.

That there is an appropriate and peculiar style, to which the comic writer should endeavour to conform, I take for granted. It is so difficult to convey rules for

writing, through the vehicle of definition, that I should at once absolve myself from the task, if I could refer your readers to any one dramatic author on their shelves, whose style I could fairly recommend as comprising all the properties that definition can embrace. But there is no such author in my recollection, (none such at least that I am prepared to set up as a model) and, presuming therefore that the whole has not been attained in its perfection, I must endeavour to make my conception of it understood by parts.

As I am about to talk to my contemporaries, I will confine my idea of dramatic style to such only as I conceive those writers ought to study and adopt, who propose themselves to be writers for the present day. The old masters are gone by; they must not aim at following them; not because it is impossible to overtake them, but because they get nothing from them to their present purpose, if they join their company. I must be understood as speaking simply and exclusively of style; I have all reasonable veneration, and quite enough to say, for them as examples in another sense; but that would be talking out of my subject, not within it.

The writers of the middle comedy are *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Farquhar*, *Steele*, *Cibber*, and some few others; these are to my purpose, and the best of these, in point of style, is *Congreve*. There are great good properties, and well worthy the attention of the dramatic student, in the writing of his four comedies: it is also a style peculiar to himself, defineable, uniform, and fixed; it is therefore a proper object of contemplation; it may be studied; it is a whole, and as such is capable of dissection. The examiner will find it terse, compressed, pointed; but having used the figurative term *dissection*, I must warn the novice to beware he does not cut his fingers with his lancet in the process; for there are tainted and unwholesome parts in that fair body. These for the present I shall put aside: his merits are the more agreeable discussion.

I have said his style is terse, compressed, and pointed; his works are doubtless in the reader's memory, and it hardly signifies to which of them I refer, or which passage I select. Take one from the *Way of the World*--
Fainlove says to *Mirabel*—

"Fain. *Are you jealous as often as you see Witwould entertained by Millamant?*

"Mira. *Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.*

"Fain. *You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.*

"Mira. *She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.*

"Fain. *For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.*

Mira. *And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover,---&c. &c.*

In this short specimen the dramatic student will discover all that I have hitherto described of Congreve's style; he will also observe how he builds one speech upon another, and works his climax point by point: this way of working is the very mastership and mystery of his art. It is worth an author's utmost pains to trace him in this very peculiar faculty of drawing out his dialogue without breaking its thread; an operation, in which he is unrivalled, and distinguishable from all other dramatic manufacturers, that ever took a tool in hand. But let the disciple of this great master be aware how he makes any of his characters copy Fainlove, who announces Millamant as a woman of wit; let no author commit himself to his audience for the introduction of a witty character, unless he is perfectly well provided to make good his promise. This is a stumble at starting, that is very much against a man for the rest of the race, and many, whom I could name, have made it.

One more specimen, as illustrative of this peculiar art in Congreve's dialogue, will suffice, and I take it from the same comedy---*Mirabel, Fainlove and Millamant*, are on the stage.

"Mill. *One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo; they can but reflect what we look and say,---vain, empty things, &c.*

"Mira. *Yet to those two vain empty things you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.*

"Mill. *How so?*

"Mira. *To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.*"

This we might conceive is quite point enough ; and if an ordinary poet had got so far, he might consider himself in a happy vein ; but Congreve's *Echo* has more replications than one, and Witwould---"knows a lady, that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play ; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words."

I need not give any more quotations from this author to the point in question. Let the pupil of dramatic style digest this thoroughly, and put himself upon a regimen after this prescription, and he will find his constitution much the better for it.

But I alluded to certain parts, that I conceived could not be handled without danger, or, to speak in simpler terms, where Congreve is no model for an author to follow ; and I must go a little about to come precisely to the point I aim at. In common life there is nothing so out of character as an under-bred man, when he grows familiar, and puts himself at his ease with you. This remark ought to be everlastingly kept in sight by writers for the stage. If they have not obtained a knowledge of the style and manners of people in high and elegant life, by consorting with them before they set about to represent them on the stage, they had better never think of making the attempt ; for if they look to Congreve for their prototypes, they will not find them with him : if they resort to his table for clean and wholesome fare, they will only be entertained with tainted fragments, disguised by high-seasoned sauces and stimulating spices. Let an author also recollect that, whilst he is copying the style of Congreve, he must be well aware how he copies his indiscrimination in the management of it. Every character is not to sing in unison like a Russian chorus, and let him be assured it is not in the power of style to compensate for the sacrifice of character.

As for the rest of the comic writers above mentioned, I see very little in the style of any one of them, which distinguishes it from that of any other. *The Conscious Lovers* of Steele is very properly denominated *a moral*

essay in dialogue. If a man was to dilate upon a simple incident to his company, as Sir John Bevil does to his servant Humphry, he would set them asleep. Cibber is somewhat rounder and closer in his *Careless Husband*; but all his characters love talking, and there is very little point in their dialogue: Vanbrugh's period is not epigrammatic, and Farquhar's conversation is the ribaldry of a mess-room.

The dramatic writer should consider that he has a great many things to do, and a number of characters to display in a small compass. He has not the expanse of a novel to give him room for proposing story-tellers, and dealers in description. His fable is never to stand still; nor his characters to languish and forget themselves; he is therefore to take a close review of every scene after he has written it; and calculate how he could conduct it with equal clearness in fewer words: if he does this, he will find that, whilst he compresses it into brevity, he will work it into point; and at the same time that he brings his periods into a smaller compass, he will be able to give them a more brilliant polish. If he would produce a striking character before his audience, let him have something to say so marked that the audience may remember it, and take it home with them: when he has effected this, let him take heed how he talks too much; for if he drenches his wine with too great a dose of water, it will be but a mawkish draught. A fertile imagination will oftentimes run away with a man's style, and render it as thin, as bullion when drawn into wire, or beaten into leaf; if he has not temper and self-denial to control these impulses, he is not fit to be a writer of the drama, which requires two qualities, that rarely meet in the same man, a vivid fancy and a cool deliberate judgment.

I am,

Dear Sir, &c. &c.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THEATRICAL MISERIES;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY LACHRYMAL GLUM.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I AM one of those who, shutting their eyes and ears to what are *miscalled* the *comforts* and *enjoyments* of this life, are doomed to exist only upon its delightful *miseries*. Ejaculations! interjections! and aspirations! are the food by which my vitality is supported. When at Westminster School, my favourite book was Ovid's *Tristibus*, and the Anatomy of *Melancholy*. I was called by my class-fellows *Don Dismallo*; and whenever I was out in my *repetition*, I supplied the deficiency with the following line—

“O miserere mei miseri, miserere meorum.”

Where I picked it up, I know not, but the burthen of it was *misery*, and it came as pat to me as “*the cloud-capt towers*” to honest Sylvester Daggerwood, of Dunstable memory. The *horrors* and *sorrows*, *moans* and *groans* of a sonnet to a *tear*, gave me a turn for poetry, and I have written no less than six *Odes to Grief*; five *monodies*; and twice the number of *elegies*. A *funeral* is my delight, a *church-yard* my solitary retreat, a *fire* my grand holiday, and at an *execution*, as Lady Townly says, “I expire!” In my cabinet of curiosities I have preserved in a phial, one of the *tears* shed by Charles Fox in the House of Commons on his separation with Burke; and a *congealed sigh*, which my dear friend Munchausen Curious, brought with him from Lapland. I seldom visit the theatre but when a *Tragedy* is acted, and doat to distraction on the quivering *ah's* and protracted *oh's* of the Kembles—They are performers after my own heart. I have lived weeks upon Mrs. Siddons' *shriek* in *Isabella*, and John Kemble's *O!* in *Cardinal Wolsey*. “O!!! Cromwell” is a treat almost beyond expression. The last time I saw him he was at least *three minutes and a half* before he came to an end of the *fluctuation*, and I would not part with a *second* of the time for the wealth of the

Indies. What an effect would he produce with my friend Thomson's line—

Oh ! Sophonisba ! oh Sophonisba ! oh ! h ! h ! h ! &c.

With proper management it might be made to last a *quarter of an hour*. I lament exceedingly the retirement of my favourite Bensley. There was a fine *nasal horror*, if I may be allowed the expression, in his speaking, which gave me inexpressible delight. O sir, there is nothing like *toning* in tragedy. What with *mouth-toning*, *throat-toning*, and *nose-toning*, never was there a *trio* so exquisitely dismal as that in which Kemble, Bensley and Mrs. Siddons were the performers. But those delicious times are past. The *terrible graces* of German plays were indeed my chief delight for some time, but they too are becoming *comical*.

My imagination being thus deprived of its proper food, I have lately begun to eat *raw-pork*, like Fuzeli, that I may enjoy the agreeable delight of *frightful dreams*. This is now "the constant prologue to my sleep," unless I go to Monk Lewis's *Wood Daemon*, when "I sup so full with horrors," that even Fuzeli's supper can be dispensed with. When shall we have *raw-head and bloody-bones* upon the stage?—"To soothe the gloomy temper of my soul," I shall pick from my port-folio a few trifling *theatrical distresses*, the perusal of which, in the dearth of more *solid misery*, is some slight *consolation* to me: and I shall feel great pleasure, should they suggest any more *uncomfortable recollections* to the readers of your *too-agreeable miscellany*.

LACHRYMAL GLUM.

Attending three country cousins to the Opera, who after staring at the figures painted upon the ceiling, &c. &c. constantly and audibly ask you, who such and such a person is with a star, at the same time, to prevent all possibility of your mistaking the object, directing their finger towards him.

A very thin house at Drury Lane.

Attending private theatricals, where the gentlemen performers always press near the prompter's side, always hurry over passages in order to catch every word before it slips from the memory, one performer not giving the cue word, or giving it, not remembered by the other

who plays with him, standing like posts when they have nothing to say, and using their legs and arms as if they had been just bestowed upon them.

A fine overture playing, and a noisy audience.

To hear nineteen prologues out of twenty.

Going to the theatre on a very crowded night, waiting an hour in the pit passage half jammed to death, receiving a dreadful kick on the ankle, in making a desperate effort to stoop down to rub it, finding your hand in the coat pocket of the man who stands opposite to you, and gradually withdrawing it with indescribable horror, so as just to escape being taken up for a pick-pocket.

Going to the theatre to see some distinguished play and performer, having places kept ; owing to some of the party not being ready in time, entering your box just as the first act is over, and observing the last bustle of a number of persons who have just descended into your front seats, and are all smirking and smiling to think themselves so very fortunate.

Attending a school play.

Being annoyed by the venders of bills of the play, in going to the theatre, having a party of fine ladies to attend to.

Paying at the theatre in a hurry, and being obliged to change a bad shilling.

[*To be continued.*]

PERFORMERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. GIFFARD; **Mr. JEFFERSON;** **Mrs. WHITE;** and **Mrs. R. KEMBLE,** the Mother of **Mrs. SIDDONS.**

By the *old school* we mean the school of Garrick, and his contemporaries, both in London and the country. The persons above-mentioned have lately quitted the *stage of life*, and it is part of our plan to watch the *exits* as well as the *entrances* of public performers.

Mr. William Giffard died at 'ockermouth in March last, aged 96. He was, as he himself believed, since the death of Macklin, *the father of the English stage.* He was the son of Mr. Giffard, proprietor of the theatre in

Goodman's-fields, who first introduced Garrick to a London public; and had himself the honour previously of exhibiting that phenomenon at Ipswich in a summer excursion to that place, with a company of his father's comedians. Mr. Giffard performed on the different London theatres for upwards of twenty years, and it is understood with considerable applause. He had quitted the stage upwards of forty years, and previous to his retiring to Cockermouth, (which he did about fourteen years ago) had resided at Southampton, and in the island of Guernsey. It is somewhat singular to relate at his time of life, that since he came into Cumberland, his almost only occupation and amusement was the reading of Latin, and he used to speak with a sort of fastidious contempt of what he called "mere English readers." His knowledge of Latin was but slender, but he could enjoy the beauties of the principal Roman authors, and used to dwell with great triumph on their superiority to the moderns in the arts of composition, and on the unspeakable obligation which the latter owed them.

Mr. Giffard abounded in the theatrical anecdotes of his day, and liked much to be questioned about them. He used to relate one which exhibited in a strong point of view one of those failings by which it is well known the lustre of Garrick's transcendent merits was somewhat obscured. He and that little great man were performing together in *Hamlet*, and Giffard had the part of the *Player-king* assigned him, which he acted to admiration, and with unceasing and rapturous applause from all parts of the house. On his retiring behind the scenes, he was greeted with the cordial congratulations of his fellow-performers, but one more sage than the rest observed, that though he could not but see his success with pleasure, yet, he feared, that *that* might prove one of the most unfortunate days of his life, and that David and he would never be seen on the same boards again. And, said Mr. Giffard, "his fears were but too well founded, we never were."

His subsistence of late was a small annuity, his good fortunes having, from unknown causes, declined in the latter period of his life.

MR. JEFFERSON was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and was a short time with an attorney, in that county. He came to London under the following circumstances:—

His master had told him to prepare for a journey to London. This was the summit of his wishes; but, to his great mortification, the night only before he was to set out, he was told by his master, that he had altered his intention, and meant to perform the journey himself. This was a sad disappointment to the lad, whose mind was set on the expedition so much, that, a very few days after his master's departure, he resolved to take French leave of his friends, and follow him. A remarkably fine charger having been purchased in the neighbourhood for General Fawkes, young Jefferson offered to ride it to London, and obtained permission for that purpose, under the promise that he would take great care of the animal, and not ride it more than twenty miles a day. Thus mounted, without the consent or even knowledge of his friends, he bent his course towards the metropolis, where he arrived in safety in January 1747. One of his relations was the person who kept the Tilt Yard coffee-house, and while on a visit to him, on Tuesday the 7th of April, 1747, he had the misfortune to be blown up there, with the powder allotted for the soldiers who were to guard Lord Lovat to his execution the Thursday following. His life was miraculously preserved by the intervention of a falling beam, which halted immediately over his head. From this perilous situation he was fortunately very soon rescued, for had he remained in it many minutes, he must have been suffocated with the smoke. Several lives were lost, and many limbs shattered. A short time after this he was present at the performance of the *Committee*, when the beautiful Woffington, in *Ruth*, so captivated his heart, that he resolved from that period, to drop every other pursuit for the stage. His first appearance on the stage was at the Haymarket in the character of *Horatio* in the *Fair Penitent*. The entertainments were intended for the benefit of the well-known Charlotte Skinner; but the performance being prohibited, the *amateur* actors opened the house *gratis*, and at the end of the third act sent her 100 guineas, which they had collected from the audience. He married a Miss May, who became an actress, and played *Anna Bullein* at Drury Lane in 1758. Her death was very sudden. On the 18th July, 1766, at a morning rehearsal of a comic dance, at Plymouth, she burst into a violent fit of laughter, which brought on a cough, and

terminated in the breaking of a blood-vessel. She retired to the green-room, and expired a very short time after. Mr. Jefferson was on board the ship in which Theophilus Cibber, Maddox, the wire dancer, and others, were lost, on the passage to Ireland. Mr. Jefferson, Arthur, the comedian, and his family, Mrs. Chambers, and some others, leaped into a small boat, and were saved. Mr. J. performed many seasons on the same stage with Garrick, and as an actor was more than respectable. In conjunction with Arthur and another, he built a theatre at Plymouth, and was a long time the manager and favourite actor there. In 1796 he sold the property for a clear annual benefit, which was always productive, and on these occasions, he appeared on the stage in parts which would permit him to be seated, the gout having deprived him for many years of the use of his feet. He was about 76 at the time of his death, which occurred two or three months ago. He has left several children, all on the stage, except one, who is in the navy. The eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Butler, the manager of the Harrogate theatre.

Mrs. WHITE, the wife of an actor, died lately in Ireland. She was one of the infant pupils of Garrick; and her father (a Mr. Simpson, of Aberdeen, in Scotland,) was Mr. G's assistant and particular friend. Garrick brought her out in the character of Violante in "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret," at the age of 14, with his Don Felix, in which she proved very successful; having in her infant years performed all the principal children's characters with that great man. She continued but a short time in the profession, when she was married to Charles Fleetwood, Esq. a son of the old patentee of that name, of Drury Lane theatre, who soon after died at Bengal, in the East Indies; where on his arrival, he was informed of the decease of his wife's brother a short time before at Madras, a Captain John Simpson in the army.—Mrs. White, being defrauded of all the property left her (which was considerable) both by her brother and husband, was necessitated to return again to the stage.

Mrs. SARAH KEMBLE.—This venerable lady, the mother of John, Stephen, and Charles Kemble; Mrs. Whitlock; Mrs. Twiss; Mrs. Mason, and Mrs. Siddons, expired on the 25th of April. She was the daughter of Mr. Ward, an actor in the time of Betterton, but who

quitted the London boards to undertake the management of a strolling company. Mr. Roger Kemble was engaged as one of the actors, and a mutual attachment taking place between him and Miss Ward, the lovers eloped, and were married. Mr. Ward, though he disapproved of the match, became at length reconciled to the young couple, and when he died, the theatrical crown and sceptre fell into the hands of his son-in-law. The following is one of his play-bills, in which the names of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kemble, Mr. Siddons, the present Mr. John Kemble, Mrs. Twiss, and Mrs. Siddons, appear among the *dramatis personæ*.

WORCESTER, February 12, 1767.

Mr. Kemble's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre at the King's Head, this evening, will be performed a Concert of music, to begin exactly at six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the usual Places.

Between the Parts of the Concert will be presented, gratis, A celebrated Historical Play (*never performed here*) called

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in Antient Habits, according to the fashion of those times.

The part of King Charles, Mr. Jones;

Duke of Richmond, Mr. Siddons ; *

Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. Salisbury ;

Bishop Juxon, Mr. Fowler ;

General Fairfax, Mr. Kemble ;

Colonel Ireton, Mr. Crump ;

Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. Hughes ;

The part of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Vaughan ;

Servant, Mr. Butler ;

James Duke of York (afterwards King of England)

Master J. Kemble.

The Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger Son)

Miss Fanny Kemble ;

Serjeant Bradshaw (Judge of the pretended High Court of Justice) Mr. Burton ;

The Young Princess Elizabeth, Miss Kemble ;

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Kemble ;

The Part of the Queen, Mrs. Vaughan.

Singing between the Acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble.

* The husband of Mrs. Siddons, who followed her mother's example, and married a performer in her parents' company, without their sanction.

To which will be added a Comedy, called
THE MINOR.

And on Saturday next, the 14th. inst. will be again presented the above Tragedy, with a Farce that will be expressed in the Bills for the day.

. The days of Performance are Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mrs. Kemble had a very commanding figure, and it is said, possessed great merit as an actress both in tragedy and comedy.

P O E T R Y.

CANZONET.

WHEN Sickness, scourge of sorrow's race,
Has sped its fate-wing'd dart,
When health, at most, of trivial space,
Sinks in the sallow fiend's embrace,
Nor leaves behind one blooming trace,
Then throbs the heart !

The livid lip, the hollow eye,
And drooping head of pain,
For those we love, excite a sigh,
Bid softest pity linger nigh,
And prompt a pray'r beyond the sky,
For health again.

Then holy Hope asserts her sway,
Man's latest friend below ;
She pictures health's returning ray,
To cheer the gloom of sorrow's day.
And seems to point a speedy way,
To steal from woe.

But should the damps of death appear,
Nor leave the pow'r to save ;
Let holier Hope still stop the tear,
For, lo ! to check each rising fear.
Religion whispers, heav'n is near,
The Good Man's grave.

Feb. 7, 1807.

J. M. L.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

March 30. [EASTER MONDAY.]
West Indian. Tekeli.
31. Honey Moon. Young
Hussar.

April 1. Douglas. The WOOD
DEMON; or, "THE
CLOCK HAS STRUCK."
(first time.)
2. School for Friends. Ib.
3. False Alarms. Ib.
4. Soldier's Daughter. Ib.
6. Lovers' Vows. Ib.
7. False Alarms. Ib.
8. Wonder. Ib.
9. A DAY IN LONDON,
(first time.) No Song
no Supper.
10. Ib. Wood Daemon.
11. Ib.
13. [Signora STORACE's
Night,] Inkle and Ya-
rico.—Inkle, Mr. Ellis-
ton; Campley, Mr.

Braham; Yarico, Mrs.
Dickons; Wowski, Sig-
nora Storage.
14. Curfew. Wood Daemon.
15. Cabinet. Ib.
16. As you like it. Ib.
17. Inkle and Yarico. Ib.
18. Children in the Wood.
Young Hussar. Ib.
20. Romeo and Juliet. Ib.
Willikind, (1st time,) by
Mr. Russell.
21. False Alarms. Ib.
22. School for Scandal. Ib.
23. Curfew. Ib.
24. Haunted Tower. Ib.
25. Iron Chest. Ib.
27. [Mr. Bampister's Be-
nefit,] Travellers. Prize.
28. Curfew. Wood Dæ-
mon; Una, (1st time,)
Miss Boyce.

The Wood Daemon.—This "grand romantic melo-drama" is the production of Mr. M. G. Lewis, and is taken from one of his own *tales of wonder*. Count *Hardyknute*, (Mr. Decamp,) the hero of the piece, has stipulated to sacrifice a human victim to *Sangrida*, the Wood Daemon, on a particular day in each year, before the clock strikes *one*. In return for this favour, the Daemon makes him very rich and very handsome, who, before these articles of agreement, was poor and ugly. On failing to fulfil the conditions of this "*merry bond*," he is himself to become *Sangrida's* prey. The child whom he fixes upon for the tenth annual supper of his principal, is *Leolyn*, (Miss C. Bristow,) the rightful heir to the title and estates which *Hardyknute* has usurped. This child is dumb, and has been secretly brought up by *Clotilda* (Mrs. Harlowe,) as her own; but the barbarous Count recognizes him by the mark of a bloody arrow on his wrist, and therefore instantly resolves to offer him as a *bonne bouche* to the hungry Daemon. The arts by which he endeavours to get the boy into his power are counteracted by the vigilance of *Clotilda*, and *Una*, (Mrs. H. Siddons,) a beautiful lady, to whom the Count pays his addresses, but who is selected by the guardian spirit of *Holstein* (Miss Lacy,) to be the preserver of little *Leolyn*, and the instrument of vengeance on the authors of this dia-

political compact. The time approaches for the fulfilment of the agreement. It is almost one o'clock, and the boy has eluded his search. *Una* is therefore to supply his place, but just as *Hardyknute* is going to dispatch her, *Leolyn* climbs up the clock, and advances the hand. It strikes *one*; the Wood Daemon immediately appears, and whipping up her friend the Count, down they both go to settle their differences in another apartment.

Monstrous and horrible as is this story, it is managed so as to have a powerful effect in the representation. There is, at times, considerable interest, particularly in the scene of the bed-chamber, and the concluding incident is very dramatic. It might be justly objected, that the useful purposes of the stage are frustrated and perverted by exhibitions of this kind; that they are calculated only for the eye of childhood, and to scare old women out of their wits, if they have any: but as these facts are known and admitted by those who are pleased with, and run after them the most, we may spare ourselves the trouble of admonition. The scenery is upon a grand scale, and the decorations are very splendid. The dialogue provoked much disapprobation on the first night, and it is certainly not worthy of Mr. Lewis's pen; but he has shewn much ingenuity in the contrivance of the plot, and the conduct of the principal incidents. *The Tale of Mystery, Deaf and Dumb*, and other favourite productions, will supply the spectator with frequent resemblances. *Leolyn* is a mixture of *Francisco* and *Julio*. *Clotilda* is almost precisely *Fiametta*. *Willikind* and his old father, are *Solomon* and *Peter* in the *Stranger*.

Mrs. H. Siddons was extremely impressive in *Una*; and the acting of Mrs. Harlowe is entitled to more than ordinary praise. The little Bristow was full of fascination and interest. A Miss Feron was introduced to sing a song. She surprized us by her execution, but did some violence to our ears. Miss Lacy, who speake some lines of which we could not catch a single word, is the young lady who performed *Zamora* in the *Honeymoon*, two seasons ago, at Covent Garden, for Mr. H. Johnston's benefit.

Kelly has not been very happy in his selection of the music, which seems to be chiefly taken from the Opera ballets. Much of it is but poorly adapted to the business of the scene. The overture, which is excellent, is said to be the composition of Winter.

Of *Douglas*, which preceded the melo-drama, we must say, that it was never so badly acted, nor was the language of poetry ever more shamefully mutilated.

The *Day in London* is a comedy by Mr. Cherry, but as it died on the third night, we need not devote many lines to it. The dialogue of some of the scenes does him very great credit, and makes us regret that the piece was so short-lived. The writing certainly displayed considerable force, point, and elegance, but while the characters spoke, the business flagged; and language, unsupported by passion or incident, cannot keep long possession of the scene. The two leading characters, *Sir Sampson Import* and *Lady Mary*, followed, also, too closely the track of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*.

Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha, or the Fruits of a single Error*, is to be introduced on these boards for the benefit of Mrs. Powell.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 30 [EASTER MONDAY.]	OGRE and LITTLE THUMB, OR THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS. (First time)
Town and Country. Harlequin and Mother Goose.	17, 18. Town and Country. Ib.
31. Ib.	20. Othello. Ib.
April 1---2 Ib.	21. New way to pay old debts. Ib.
3. School of Reform. Ib.	22. Macbeth. Whistle for it.
4. Man of the World. Ib.	23. Cymbeline. The Ogre.
6. Richard III. Ib.	24. Love in a Village. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
7. Every Man in his Humour. Ib.	25. Every Man in his Humour. Ib.
8. Speed the Plough. Ib.	27. Richard III. The Ogre.
9. Merchant of Venice. Ib.	28. Man of the World. Ib.
19. Birth-Day. WHISTLE FOR IT, (first time.)	
11. Man of the World. Ib.	
13---14---15. Town and Country. Ib.	
16. Man of the world. THE	

WHISTLE FOR IT, a Musical Farce, is the production of the Honourable Mr. Lamb, and was first acted at Lord Abercorn's Private Theatre at Stanmore, where it was looked upon as a prodigy of genius, wit and humour. Not so at Covent Garden. The Cavern scene of *Gil Blas* seems to have supplied the barren plot which forms the construction of the piece. Two lovers are in the power of a banditti, and obtain their release by a *whistle*, on the sounding of which their friends, who have surrounded the cave, rush in and secure the robbers. The farce is completely destitute of interest or contrivance, and received much disapprobation. The galleries took the author's hint, and as a suitable return for the entertainment they received, treated him with the whistle of their musical cat-calls.

The music, by Lanza, is pretty, but quite irrelevant to the business and situations. Probably from his ignorance of the English language, his music never expresses a single line of his author. Miss Bolton has a neat *air* or two, which, however, she sung very much out of tune. Incledon's song was too cold for his spirited manner. The Overture is a masterly composition, and does M. Lanza great credit.

THE OGRE, and Little Thumb, or the Seven League Boots, is chiefly remarkable for the anxiety that has been shewn by the Dramatists of the Theatre to avoid the disgrace of being considered its author. Mother Goose has now we believe, been plucked of her last feather; but here the managers will find no golden eggs. Gaffer Thumb loses little Thumb and his brother Thumbs, and Gammer Thumb, as well she might, is very angry with Gaffer. Miss Thumb their daughter, attracts the attention of a Knight Errant, who, with Scamperini his squire, has lost his way, and enters the cottage of the Thumbs. We are next introduced to *Fee-fa-fum*, where the little Thumbs have taken up their lodging. The Giant is fond of fresh meat, and means to eat up his little guests in the middle of the night,

but instead of the Seven Thumbs, kills the Seven *Fee-fus*. Then he puts on his seven league boots, and sets forth in search of the fugitive Thumbs. And then—and then—oh, then, there is a fine Cataract, and Master Anthropophagus (the giant) is pushed into it and drowned.

The audience was very indignant at the intrusion of this sad stuff upon them: but the managers persist in the exhibition, and, with the assistance of their *cascade*, continue to boast of a nightly overflow.

The talents of the Bolognas, Grimaldi, Farley, Miss Searle, and a sister of the Drury Lane Bristow, who acted Little Thumb with admirable cleverness, were in vain exerted to give effect to the representation of this *worse than foolish* performance.

The overture and music are by Mr. Ware, and will increase his reputation. In this species of composition he is very happy; he fully understands the trick of the scene; his music always expresses the subject.

SADLERS WELLS.

Opened on Easter Monday with a new Harlequinade, which unites splendour with many situations of comic interest—The changes of scenery and mechanism are unusually numerous and effective, and it is needless to say such a Clown as Grimaldi, must essentially aid the author's intention. Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. writes and superintends the productions at this theatre, and in addition to the pantomime, has revived the favourite aquatic spectacle of *An Bratach*. Mr. Reeves is the composer, and Mr. Andrews designs and paints the whole of the scenery. A new harlequin, two new male singers, and a lady of vocal talent, have this season been added to the former respectable corps—and a most superb and interesting melo-drama is in preparation, to give scope for their united talents. The Proprietors are entitled to some praise for the nightly exhibition of Daniel's Life Preserver; the grand body of water at the Wells, affords ample means of proving the wonderful effects of that valuable invention.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal NORWICH. After a month's absence the company has returned to us. We were present at the representation of “*John Bull, with the Weathercock*”—but from the very scanty appearance of the house, we greatly fear the managers did not add much to their treasury account; still it should be remembered by the performers that notwithstanding there are only present the “*select few*,” an actor is not warranted either in slighting his character, or appearing slovenly on the stage. With the exception of Grove and Fitzgerald, the performers were very culpable in these respects. On the following Saturday, Mr. Hinds presented the town, for his benefit, with the play of “*Adrian and Orrilla*,” and “*Tekeli*.” In the former

piece every justice was done by the performers to their respective characters.—Mr. Bowles, as the Prince, was powerful and impressive; Mr. Grove, in Count Rosenheim, blended the serio-comic, with the most happy effect; nor should Mr. Bennet, in the Silly Michael be forgotten—The Ladies all seemed to exert their utmost abilities for the Manager; it would be difficult to say, whether Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Faust, or Mrs. Grove, excelled the most; the Scenery in the After-piece reflects infinite credit on the taste and talents of Mr. Dixon.

It is with regret we hear that Mr. and Mrs. Grove are about to leave us. We do not pretend to know the secrets of the Green Room, but it seems strange, that as soon as performers in this company become favourites, we lose them.

The benefits at this theatre are under the following *liberal* restrictions. “Who would not be a manager?”

No person allowed a pantomime or ballet, except the harlequin, clown, and columbine of the company. Not a bill on the day of performance allowed to be set down to the manager's account. The charges, or security for the same, to be paid or given before the benefit night. No bill intended for representation or advertisement whatever printed or published until signed by the managers, or the benefit forfeited if published without such signature. If half a sheet of paper should be required on the night's performance, it is set down to the performer as an item among the extra expences: No bespeak allowed.

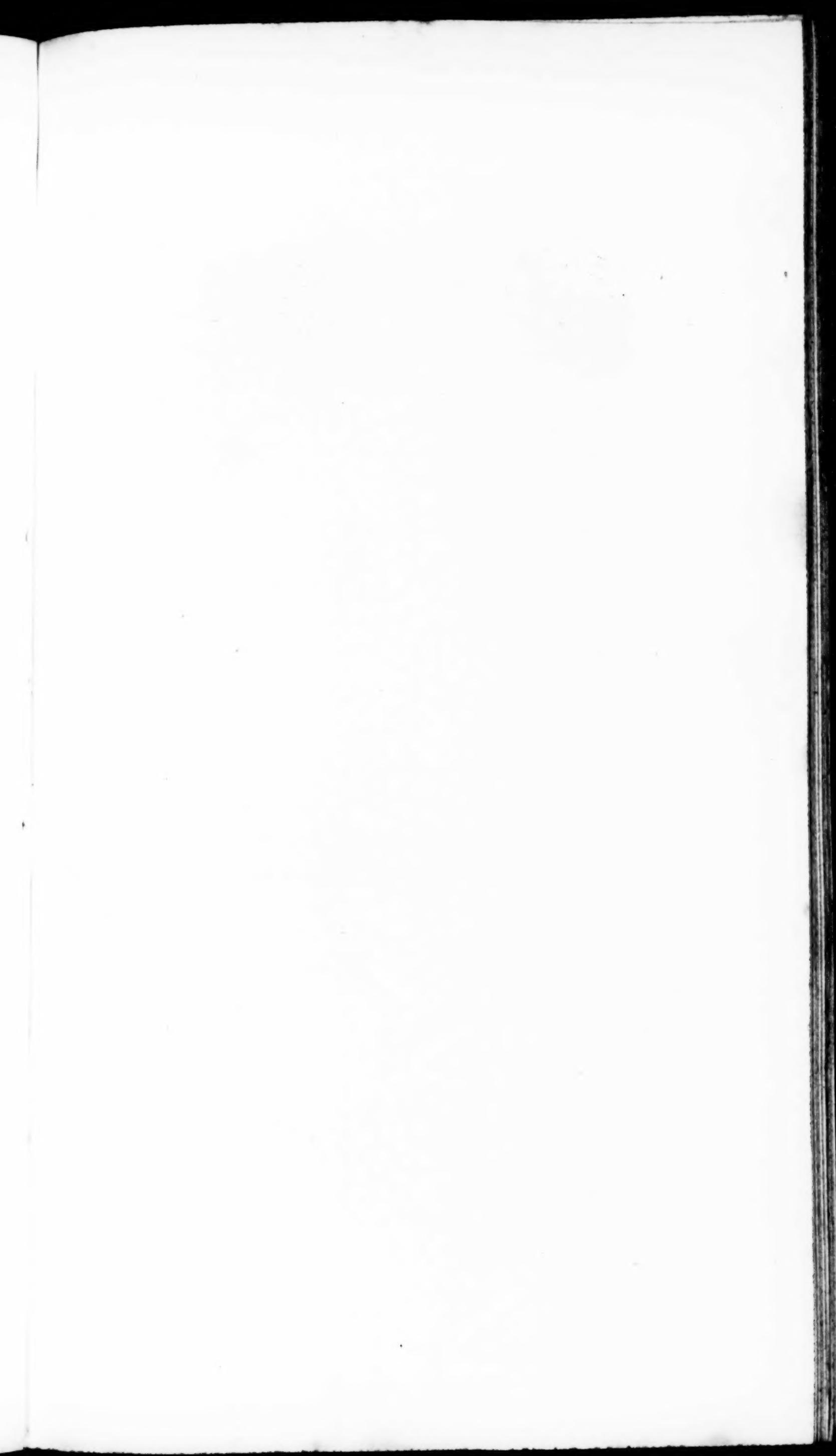
On the 23d April, 1807, were announced for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, *Lovers' Vows* and the *Old Maid*. At the rising of the curtain there were 7 in the gallery, 5 in the pit, and 10 in all the boxes, making in the whole 22 persons, but in the aggregate the house was calculated to contain at this time only 22 shillings, for silver tickets are admissible even on benefit nights. Prior to the commencement of the performance the manager had some idea of dismissing the house, and allowing to the Fund the amount of the oil and candles, but distinguishing a rush of two more subscribers down to the first row of the shilling gallery, they determined to commence the play. At the conclusion of the night's entertainments, from conjecture there could not have been more than the sum of 2*l.* 5*s.* to be added to this institution.

N. B. It is to be observed, that managers both in town and country, always give the best night, and their strongest play, to the Theatrical Fund. Kind souls!

ITALIAN OPERA.

Madame Catalani is still the great Magnet of attraction at the Opera. *Mitridate*, produced for her Benefit, is got up with very great splendour. She sings a *Cavatina* in a most fascinating stile, which is peculiarly adapted to her fine powers. A Duett with Seboni attracted particular notice and was much applauded.

A new Grand Ballet called the Siege of Troy, with magnificent decorations, has lately been produced, and affords universal satisfaction. Mademoiselle Nora made her first appearance in this Country, and is to be considered as an acquisition of importance.





Opie pinct^r

Hopwood sculp

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